

AMERICA

A-CATHOLIC-REVIEW-OF-THE-WEEK

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CONTENTS

EDITORIALS —Note and Comment.....	49-53
TOPICS OF INTEREST: Life in the CCC by T. Flynn — Abyssinia's Emperor and the Catholic Missions by John M. Lenhart, O.M.Cap. — How Rich Is Russia? by Lawrence Joseph Byrne — St. Peter of Fribourg by Herbert G. Kramer, S.M.....	54-59
SOCIOLOGY: Mothers' Day, May 12, 1935 by John Wiltbye	59-60
POETRY: The Difference.....	60
EDUCATION: The Survival of Classicism by William T. Miller, A.M.....	61-62
WITH SCRIP AND STAFF by The Pilgrim.....	62-63
THE FACTS BEHIND ECONOMICS by Gerhard Hirschfeld	63-64
DRAMATICS: The Spring Stage by Elizabeth Jordan, D.Litt.....	64-66
REVIEWS OF BOOKS ...66-68... COMMUNICATIONS ...69... CHRONICLE	70-72

Bargaining and the Closed Shop

IN the light of its history, the purpose of Section 7a of the National Industrial Recovery Act is clear. It was hailed by labor as a Magna Charta which guaranteed the right of collective bargaining, the right of the worker to organize freely, and the right to decent basic conditions, chiefly, a living wage, and properly limited hours of employment. But no part of the Act has been more bitterly disputed. After nearly two years, the section is a living issue only in the Federal Courts. In the largest industrial plants, it is a dead letter.

Unfortunately, almost from the beginning there was no common understanding of the section among the administrators at Washington. This discord allowed the more powerful industrialists to assume a strategic position against the Government which they still maintain. They were strengthened greatly by the decisions of Mr. Richberg and General Johnson to the effect that in industrial disputes employers need not necessarily deal with representatives chosen by a majority of the workers. These earlier decisions did not attract much attention, but when in the settlement of the automobile strike, the President affirmed the principle of proportional representation, labor felt that its cause was lost. The order destroyed, in labor's eyes, the very soul of collective bargaining.

It should have been clear from the section that if employees have the right to bargain collectively, the employer has the duty of bargaining with them. Otherwise, the right is an empty play of words. But with whom must be bargain? The old Wagner Labor Board repeatedly held that he must bargain *exclusively* with the representatives chosen by a majority vote of the employees. The National Labor Relations Board, under the chairmanship of Lloyd K. Garrison, followed these precedents, and

made the ruling an issue in the case of the Houde Engineering Corporation. Much misunderstanding, some of it wholly factitious, followed these rulings.

"Majority representation" does not mean denial of the rights of the minority. Individual workers, or groups of workers, are at liberty, as the Board expressly stated in the Houde case, to lay their grievances before the employer, and to adjust complaints. But as Mr. Garrison observed in an excellent article in the *Survey Graphic* for February, these matters are not, essentially, the subjects of collective bargaining. Collective bargaining he describes as "the process of endeavoring to arrive at a collective agreement, covering the hours, wages, and basic terms of employment of all employees within the collective-bargaining unit." In the Houde case, there were two groups of employees, the majority being members of an "outside" or freely organized union, the minority, "an inside organization which had all the appearances of a company union." The Corporation proposed to deal with the minority group exclusively.

As this Review observed at the time, such a decision meant oppression and chaos. When an employer can play one labor group off against another by dealing with a minority, or with minorities; or worse, when he is in a position actually to foster mutually hostile groups in his establishment, the result cannot be collective bargaining. It can be nothing but dissension and strife. The rights of minority members must be respected, but it is clear that unless the representatives of the majority are authorized to bargain with the employer in the name of all for basic terms of employment, there can be no true collective bargaining.

But is this procedure to be followed when the majority group comprise what is known as a "company union"?

If by the term is meant an association not controlled or

supported by the employer, but freely chosen by the majority, this group should have the exclusive right to speak for all the workers. Section 7a provides that no employe, and no one seeking employment, shall be required as a condition of employment to join any company union, or to refrain from joining, organizing, or assisting a labor organization of his own choosing. Its purpose is to protect the right of the worker in organizing, not to force him into any particular union. Hence the section does not, as some have claimed, compel employes to organize or join an "outside" union. But if the company union is owned, operated, or controlled by the employer, as is generally the case, it may not, either in justice or by the terms of the section, bargain collectively for the workers. The guarantee of Section 7a is not a shop closed either to union or non-union labor, but a shop in which labor may freely choose its type of organization for the purposes of collective bargaining.

Finally, but fundamental in importance, the question of constitutionality must be considered. No Catholic can attack the purpose of the section. Whether, in its present form, it is constitutional, and can be enforced by Federal authority is another matter. Certainly the section applies to all inter-State industries. It will also apply to all industries "affected with a substantial inter-State-commerce interest," provided that the Supreme Court accepts a contention that seems to us highly reasonable. In case the court's ruling is adverse, we can have recourse either to an amendment to the Constitution, should this seem necessary, or to a coordinated series of compacts, under the authority of Congress, between the several States. The purposes of this section should not be set aside as impracticable until every resource has been tried.

Lourdes and Stresa

TOMORROW will be the last day of the triduum of prayers and Masses at Lourdes. Pius XI was surely inspired when he chose this favored shrine of Our Lady, this home of peace, as a place of intercession for the whole world. Surely, too, our Sorrowful Mother will hear us, her sorrowful children, and obtain for us from her Divine Son the light to know what we ought to do in this day of travail, and strength to persevere in love and confidence to the end.

The Alleluias of Easter Day still make music in our churches in every part of the world. But in many parts of the world their harmony is marred by the sound of armies on the march. The conference at Stresa did not end with limitation upon armaments, nor is it yet apparent that it has removed many causes of conflict. Even those who arranged it now admit that its conclusions are only negatively beneficial. Hardly was the joint resolution of the conference made public, when one of the signatories, France, issued a memorandum, addressed to the League of Nations, in which Germany was accused of persistent violations of solemn treaties. Without entering into the truth of the charges laid before the League, this memorandum can hardly be said to have contributed

to peace. In return, Germany points to the Franco-Soviet alliance, and to the failure of the other nations to keep their pledges of disarmament.

But perhaps we may be thankful that no new causes of discord were fostered at Stresa. Men of good will everywhere long so ardently for peace, that they are inclined to lose patience as often as a conference fails to adopt means which lead directly to world peace. The truth is that since there is little mutual trust among nations today, a conference does much even when it does nothing but change an imminent into a remote conflict, and thus permits those who are working for peace to recoup their forces.

Stresa, then, is not loss, but it is to Lourdes that we must look for the forces which will establish world peace on a lasting basis. The greatest miracles of Lourdes are not the marvels of healing there recorded, but the miracles of the workings of God's grace in souls. The Holy Father has provided for an intercession of prayers and Masses to continue without interruption during three days and nights. He begs that through Our Lady, Mediatrix of All Graces, all men may come to know God and to serve Him, and thus find peace for themselves, and peace in and among all nations. May Our Lady, Queen of Peace, hear his prayer, the prayer of good men everywhere, and incline the hearts of all rulers to thoughts of peace.

In Case of War

THE debates which preceded the enactment of the McSwain war-profits bill by the House of Representatives were encouraging. Of course, they bind no one, least of all the Government. Even should the Senate "tighten" some of the bill's loose joints, which is not probable, it would not take a war-time Congress five minutes to repeal the whole measure. But we find some degree of encouragement in the fact that Congress has recognized the necessity of at least trying to take the profits out of war.

As adopted, the bill authorizes the President to fix prices, rents, and compensations in time of war. He can commandeer, but not conscript as part of the army or navy, material and financial resources, industrial organizations, and public services. In case of necessity, he can close stock exchanges, and license all manufacturers and dealers, except those engaged in the publication of newspapers and other periodicals. But, as the last war taught us, this apparently important exception means exactly nothing. However, the House eliminated a section which authorized the President to draft all key men in industry, and all men between the ages of twenty-one and forty-five for military service. The bill contained only a general provision for the taxation of excessive war profits. The Senate is expected to make the tax specific, and Senator Nye proposes to limit all corporation profits to three per cent.

While the bill, after all, may be nothing but a gesture, it shows that the temper of Congress reflects the temper of the people against war. It cannot be maintained that

war is in itself evil, but it is difficult to see what cause, outside of an open invasion of this country, could justify us in going to war. Popular opposition to war is growing. Without reference to ethical and moral principles, millions of American citizens have concluded that of all methods of settling disputes, the most wasteful and least effective is the recourse to arms.

That is their present temper, and it is probably strong enough to make profiteering impossible, or at least highly dangerous, should war be forced upon us. It seems to us that Senator Nye's allowance of a profit of three per cent in time of war is sufficient, and even liberal. Possibly, too, the House wisely refrained from conscripting labor, although if the Government may send one man to the trenches, there is no reason why it may not send another to the mills. The mordant pacifist will deny a right in either case, but in planning to reduce the horrors of war we must be practical. Our own hope and prayer is that all nations may return to sanity and by the return make such legislation unnecessary.

Ranting at the Bar

SOME months ago we had occasion to criticize the conduct of the prosecuting attorney in a famous criminal case. It seemed to us that in the vigor of his attack the prosecutor had forgotten that he was not a pursuivant, but an officer of the court, whose chief duty was not to "win a case," but to assist the court and the jury in arriving at the truth.

Since what we then said evoked considerable criticism, we note with interest that the Supreme Court of the United States said exactly the same things in an opinion handed down on April 15. "The United States district attorney is the representative not of an ordinary party to a controversy," said the Court, "but of a sovereignty whose interest, therefore, in a criminal prosecution, is not that it shall win a case, but that justice shall be done."

The opinion is of value to the profession and of interest to the public, in its statement of the duty of a public prosecutor. From the outset, this official must remember that "he is the servant of the law, the twofold aim of which is that guilt shall not escape or innocence suffer." It is frequently difficult to suppress prejudice and self-interest when one acts in an official capacity, and it is particularly difficult when the spotlight of publicity is thrown upon one who is a public prosecutor. In the eyes of an unthinking public, his worth is rated by his ability to secure convictions, and if he has an ambition for some higher elective office, or if he loves popular applause, his temptations will indeed be great.

An ill-informed public opinion has put him in a most unenviable position, and unless he is a man of strong character, he may yield. Yet, obviously, he cannot be a faithful "servant of the law," unless he is as solicitous to free the innocent, as he is diligent in working to convict the guilty. As a public official, he may prosecute with earnestness and vigor; "indeed," adds the Court, "he must do so. But while he may strike hard blows, he is not

at liberty to strike foul ones." He must remember that his duty obliges him to use every legitimate means to secure a conviction, according to the evidence, but "it is as much his duty to refrain from improper methods calculated to produce a wrongful conviction."

It is fairly clear that the improper methods used by far too many public prosecutors are due in large part to the easy tolerance by bar associations of men who have disgraced the profession. These lawyers are in reality the aiders and abettors of the criminal groups for whom they brazenly plead in the courts. Frequently the prosecutor is under no delusion as to the type of defense which they will offer. He will not know the details, but he can be quite certain that subornation of perjury and jury fixing will be among the obstacles which he will be obliged to break down. Worst of all, he knows that these lawyers are as skilled in covering their own iniquity as they are in securing the discharge of criminals. If he decides to fight the devil with fire, we can understand, even though we cannot approve, his choice of weapons.

Here, surely, is an unhealthy condition which the bar itself must speedily remedy. As an incident of the Government's policy of hunting down known criminals with machine guns, it has become fairly evident that in many American cities the alliance between criminals and hardly less criminal members of the bar has been close. To suggest that the Government might well use the same repressive methods upon these recreant lawyers would be to suggest a cruel and unusual punishment. But that suggestion is not necessary. Better methods are available, and the bar associations in Philadelphia and Chicago have begun to use them.

This sorely needed reform should not be confined to these two cities. Lawyers with criminal tendencies may not be extremely numerous, but they are not confined to Chicago and Philadelphia.

Whose Babies?

WE are glad to hear that Mrs. Dionne will soon begin to teach her five newest babies their prayers. We hope that the report is true (although it does seem a bit early to begin) because it seems to us that a mass of red tape and legislation was making Mrs. Dionne a stranger to her children. That would be highly improper, because, as the lady says, the babies do not belong to the state, but to herself and her husband. Still, two of the guardians appointed for the children are Catholics, and the third, Dr. Dafoe, will not be recreant to any trust. Finally, it is reported that the parents are allowed free access to the children—and that is more than can be said for the parents of some hospitalized babies in the United States.

Nevertheless Mrs. Dionne made a good point when she asserted the principle that children belong to their parents. The claim is perfectly valid, but it is quite commonly set aside by the learned men who draw up social legislation, and legislation for the schools. "Parental authority can neither be abolished nor absorbed by the state," teaches Leo XIII, in his Labor Encyclical, "for

it has the same source as life itself." And the Pontiff, quoting St. Thomas, asserts that the child is, as it were, "the continuance of the father's personality, and, speaking strictly, takes its place in civil society, not of its own right, but in its quality as member of the family in which it was born. . . . The child belongs to its father."

As far as we know, no attempt has been made by the civil authorities to controvert this principle in the case of the Dionne babies. Should any be made, the ecclesiastical authorities will, doubtless, take suitable action. Emilie, Cecile, Annette, Marie, and Yvonne are wards of which any State may be proud; but they are wards only for the present. As the medieval Mrs. Dionne naively remarks, these five as well as the other five at home really belong to herself and to her husband.

Note and Comment

The Bankhead Bill

THE aim of the Bankhead bill, which proposes to create a Farmers' Home Corporation and thereby to promote small-farm ownership, is one of profound interest to Catholics. From its inception, the Catholic Rural Life Conference has urged the wide distribution of land ownership, on the principle laid down by Pope Leo XIII in his Encyclical on the Condition of Labor, where he observes: "Men always work harder and more readily when they work on that which belongs to them; nay, they learn to love the very soil that yields in response to the labor of their hands. The law should favor ownership," says Pope Leo, "and its policy should be to induce as many people as possible to become owners." A group of interested Catholic leaders, under the auspices of the Rural Life Bureau of the N.C.W.C., have issued a statement declaring their approval of the bill. The proposed corporation, as an instrumentality of the Federal Government, would be authorized to issue bonds to the extent of \$1,000,000,000 for the purpose of obtaining funds to make loans for and assist in the establishment of small individual farms and farm homes. Tenants and share croppers now adrift would be financed in home owning over a long period of time. The present disturbed moment is particularly opportune for the bill, as long as its application is not restricted only to certain parts of this country, and it is not too closely associated with present rural-relief and rehabilitation efforts.

Daniels On the Air

CAN anyone imagine His Excellency, William E. Dodd, United States Ambassador to Germany, in a radio broadcast to the United States, urging his fellow-citizens to come there for their vacations, enlarging on the beauties of the Rhine, praising the charming customs of the natives, enraptured over the climate, the prosperity, the unemployment, the arts and music and industry, and ending with an appeal to love the Germans and come

to visit them? If he did, does anyone doubt that he would be greeted with a storm of angry remonstrance from Jew and non-Jew in this country; that our Government would be importuned for his recall; and that he would, to say the least, receive a rebuke from the State Department for making himself a salesman for German travel? As a matter of fact, Mr. Dodd's behavior in a difficult situation has been impeccable; but a fellow-diplomat has not, unfortunately, followed his example. Before us lies a clipping from the Mexico City *Excelsior* for April 8, and in it is a verbatim account of a radio speech by Ambassador Josephus Daniels, addressed "To my fellow-Rotarians in the United States," from the Foreign Office, and in the presence of the Foreign Minister. All that Mr. Dodd did not do is done by Mr. Daniels and more. His undignified appeal reads like a page from a travel-agency bulletin. But about the misery of the people, the agrarian troubles, the industrial strikes, the religious persecution, the character of the generals and politicians, he is politely silent. One thing he does mention is interesting: the Rotarians will be received by the President of the Republic at the Foreign Club, which, as revealed by Carleton Beals in the *Nation*, is a "gambling den which is corrupting the people of Mexico City." Is there no limit to the humiliations which Mr. Daniels will inflict on our own nation in Mexico?

Victor Hugo In Melodrama

WE do not know whether this is a knock or a boost, but Twentieth Century's newest super-super special, "Les Miserables," which had its world premiere in New York last week, bears a remarkable resemblance to the sort of film which our old friend, David Wark Griffith, used to concoct some fifteen years ago. Nearly all the tried and true character types and story devices that appeared in "Orphans of the Storm" and "Way Down East" appear again in this modern version of Victor Hugo's old classic—the dying mother, the orphan child, the relentless police, the thrilling escape, the galloping horses of the chase, the mistaken identity, the hero's ineffable self sacrifice, the happy ending. Nevertheless, we say a kind word for the film—for its direction and one of its actors, if for nothing else. The social content and message of the original novel have been noticeably watered down; the story, declassified and de-universalized, deals principally with the trials of one man. Yet Richard Boleslawsky, who also did "Lives of a Bengal Lancer," has achieved an unusual singleness of mood in this picture—a peculiar starkness and Greek-like sense of impending doom. Incidentally, too, he has been ruthless in the matter of comedy, and there is not a single laugh in the whole two-hour screening. "Les Miserables" may prove a personal triumph for Charles Laughton. He contributes another one of his extraordinarily zestful performances, dominates the story even when he is not on the screen, and contrives to render an incredible character credible. Of course, there is his suicide at the end, and it is the means to the happy ending. But the Legion can

safely afford to overlook this violation of the Code. First, the thing is more or less a symbolic suicide, and secondly, it is wholly unconvincing. It's a Hollywood compromise. Even though you see it, you know it doesn't really happen.

Coachman's Glory

THE machine age is not all one grand triumph. All the elegance, convenience, comfort, and sleekness of the automobile cannot eliminate one sad defect in its economy. There is no way of properly featuring the chauffeur. He remains, and is destined to remain forever, an obscure, black-liveried semi-mechanic. No post behind the wheel can rival the glory of the coachman's box, nor its opportunities for display, such as have fallen to the lot of Mr. Walter Hart. This honored gentleman, according to the Manchester *Guardian*, has driven in obscurity a brewer's dray for the past forty years. Now his own turn has come, for he has been selected to drive the State coach of the Speaker of the House of Commons on the day of the Royal Jubilee. For this purpose, it is reported, he is to accouter himself in a buff coat, blue plush breeches, white stockings, buckled shoes, a three-cornered hat, and a full-bottomed wig. For the past hundred years his employers, Messrs. Whitbread, have always provided the horses for the Speaker's coach whenever it was used. The last occasion was the Coronation of King George V. Mr. Hart, it is likewise reported, accepted the job with joy, his only apprehension being that if May 6 turns out to be a hot day—from the British point of view—his splendor may be marred by the necessity of doing some face mopping on the line of parade. For these brief hours British autoists will be reduced to helpless envy, their complacency being already chronically disturbed by the Government's drastic limitations as to their speed.

Foreign Radio Propaganda

THE first foreign government to buy time on the air for its propaganda is the Mexican Government. The network over which this propaganda goes out is the blue network of the National Broadcasting Company. The first broadcast contained a poem recited behind music and this Review characterized it as obscene. A copy of this poem in our possession, together with affidavits by hearers, confirms this characterization. The license to broadcast granted by the Communications Commission, an agency of the Federal Government, is that the programs be of "public interest, convenience, or necessity." Violation of any of these three provisions is sufficient for the Commission to revoke the license of the station, after due hearing of evidence. These two things are obvious: (1) alien propaganda by a foreign government is certainly not in the public interest; the precedent now established opens a wide gate to other governments for their own propaganda, which assuredly will not be propaganda for the United States; and (2) the type of the poem recited on the first Mexican broadcast is certainly not to public interest, convenience, or necessity. Equally as obvious,

therefore, is the fact that the Communications Commission is in possession of evidence that warrants it in holding a hearing on the right of this program to continue; in fact, in considering whether the stations that broadcast it have not seriously endangered their own license. Believing all this, a group of Congressmen have petitioned the Commission to hold just such an investigation, asking for its results at an early date. In the opinion of this Review the Commission is amply warranted in canceling the broadcast.

Parade Of Events

IN a New York medical symposium, science declared war on headaches. Headaches run in families, it was discovered. These family headaches are often caused by other families, headache experts felt. The symposium's belief that headache causes were many and varied was confirmed by the week's news. . . . In Egypt an explosion brought on a severe headache when a woman shampooed her hair with gasoline near a stove. . . . Bats bouncing on skulls caused headaches in a Mexican baseball game, an umpire's ruling having occasioned sharp differences in opinion. Only three of the players were killed, however. . . . A floor in New York caused four headaches. It gave way and four pinochle players descended in among 600 bushels of potatoes. . . . In Brooklyn one toothache caused two headaches. A patient quaffed laughing gas, leaped up, threw the dentist out the window, followed through with the gas tanks, jumped out himself, boxed with the dentist until the police stopped the bout. . . . Headaches are bad, realists admitted, but discouragement is worse. A Missouri dog catcher experienced intense discouragement when, during his first day on the job, he was bitten by the first dog he tried to catch. . . . Exuberant youth has at times a discouraging angle, social workers revealed. A twelve-year-old Puerto Rican boy stoned a school teacher, broke into a post office, set fire to his grandmother's house. . . . A Western boy, faced with but two alternatives, preferred shooting his step-father to taking a bath. . . . A Canadian pedestrian was discouraged when a judge fined him \$1.50 for allowing himself to be hit by an automobile. . . . Prospective customers were discouraged by a sign in a laundry window: "We do not tear your clothes with machinery. We do it carefully by hand."

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Life in the CCC

T. FLYNN

FOR Catholic young men the advantages of service with the Civilian Conservation Corps, of course among others, were religious. The writer (I received an "automatic discharge" a few months ago) finds himself with a confirmed faith—as if it needed confirmation!—after those thirteen months or so.

Our company, the 245th, assembled in sandy Camp Dix, located not far from Trenton, N. J., around May 18, 1933. It consisted of us South Jersey men who say "caow" for "cow" and gentlemen from Bayonne and The City who really did say "shoit" for "shirt." The fact that we were there because we were broke and out of a job was our common bond, and it sufficed.

The Feast of the Ascension came on May 25 and we all went to Mass in the open-air auditorium. It was pretty well packed—at one time the encampment totaled 17,000. Our cassocks and surplices were khaki pants and clumping trench shoes. The camp chaplain, a Baptist, seized on the occasion to invite us to—a non-sectarian service that evening. I thought the padre, who, I believe, was a French priest, would lose his self-control.

In free time I went to the camp library. Protestant sects had flooded the place with tracts and pamphlets and pocket editions of separate Gospels. I asked for some Catholic literature. There was none. I think now that it is a just criticism of Catholic publicity practice to notice this.

The camp chaplain held a religious free-for-all one evening. The object was to become tolerant by understanding the other fellow's viewpoint. I think Catholicism was suitably handled. At least, if applause meant anything, it was.

Just a few days before we entrained for the Far West, our local Council of Knights of Columbus sent the town fellows supplies of tobacco and candy. This action was cause for favorable comment, especially since the goods went to all regardless of creed. We told our old "top kick" about that, and he said that is the way it was during the War and that the Caseys had made the "Y" look sick.

After we had hiked for a month all over Camp Dix being "conditioned," we were ready to be sent to our stations. (By the way, as we hiked four and five hundred strong, I looked at the swinging lines and thought to myself: "Why, these fellows are all young, and yet this is what comprises the Fourth or Thirtieth or whatever regiment you wish!" War and war books looked different after that.) We were sent to Kooskia, Idaho, and left for there on June 22. I reached my twenty-first birthday a week before.

Although we didn't really believe in Indians, we expected to see something primitive. Imagine our disillusionment when in Dakota a golden-toothed Sioux, speaking perfect English, posed for our cameras! We were

received in Kooskia by the whites and Indians of the Nez Perce tribe on June 26. Forestry service trucks whirled us and our barrack bags twenty-five miles into Selway National Forest. Tents were not up yet; we slept under a blanket of stars that night.

We got our mail at Lowell. This settlement, of about four homes, was known to no geographer, only to Uncle Sam's Postal Service. Reilly and I made the acquaintance of a song-loving woman doctor from Centralia, Wash., who was recuperating at the home of a friend at the settlement. We are no great shakes at singing, so we introduced John Curran, who had done well in the choir at home. Many were the song fests. "Doc" was great at singing hymns; she had a voice that seemed to tinkle like silvery bells.

A Saturday or so after our arrival we went to the dance in Kooskia. While there in town I inquired for a Catholic church, not having realized that the Faith is not yet very dominant in Idaho. The man looked at me as if I had just said the moon was of deep green cheese. So we did not hear Mass that Sunday, nor for some Sundays to come.

Sometime in August I was transferred to headquarters detachment as stenographer. Father John Foley was district chaplain, and also was chaplain to the Idaho National Guard. Jesuits have the parish church at Lewiston, where headquarters was then. The priest in charge, Father Stack, used to suggest books for me to read, and loaned me many. He and his assistant had just come, I understood, from Hollywood. It was "rich" to hear the assistant rector talk with sad familiarity of Mary Pickford, and of Ramon Novarro who made an annual retreat, and so on.

Bishop Edward Kelly, of Idaho, made a tour of our camps and celebrated Benediction here and there. Father Foley presented me to him—and I am afraid that meeting my first bishop found me awkward indeed. He was accompanied by Msgr. Bonner, of Philadelphia.

On November 15 we pulled out for Sacramento, Calif., the cold having made our Lewiston District mountain camps untenable. Reilly, who had been detached to the quartermaster's, and myself were set down at district headquarters in Sacramento. Our chaplain was an Episcopalian. We discussed genially the validity of Anglican Orders. He gave me a book to read, by a Pittsburgh Anglican bishop. It lost me in a maze of dates, so I fell back on "defect in form."

The few Catholic fellows at the detachment went to Mass at the Cathedral of the Blessed Sacrament. The priests were fine to us when they learned we were CCC's. There was Father O'Connor, liked best of all. Still with a bit of brogue, he went great guns with fallen-aways and indifferents in the detachment, and brought several back to practical Faith.

Sacramento is a hotbed of Communism, in my opinion.

This is one of the two towns where the Cross, raised by David Goldstein, was hissed. No wonder—he had spoken in their pet mecca, Plaza Park. It was a custom with several of us, when things were dead of an evening, to heckle this species there. Their brains list to one side with too much politics.

The trek back to the Northwest began on April 15. Our destination was Elk River, Idaho. Company 245 had been dispersed into other companies after the break-up of the Lewiston District, and so Reilly and I came back with Company 1238. Most of our fellows were in that outfit.

At Elk River we met our chaplain, Father Bunyan, from Berkeley, Calif. Half or more of the Company was Catholic and on confession days the "Doc's" tent, used for a confessional, was popular. Lots of fellows went back to the Church those days. It was not hard to persuade them, they really wanted to go. Mass was said with the office table used as altar. The Church set herself up as well in those woods as in St. Patrick's Cathedral.

We had a Jewish chaplain, too. He ranked Father Bunyan, as he was a World War captain. He came from the Los Angeles synagogue; he was author of a book, the name of which I cannot now recall. He addressed the local Protestant congregation on "Modern Jews' Conception of Jesus," which I missed. He was cultured and friendly. He spoke to us on "Character Building" and his voice was vibrant and impressive. He seemed to be able to quote Christ with ease.

When the priest came he was the center of things. He had something to say, something real and necessary to do. I always had the impression that the poor ministers were at a loss.

I thumbed a ride to town from a passing car one Sunday. My good Samaritan proved to be the local minister. He was very decent to me always, and I think cherished the idea I would make a good Presbyterian minister, too. He invited me to his house several times.

These talks ended when I was again put on detached service at Fort George Wright, Spokane, Wash. The chaplain, Captain Gleason, was my boss. Father Bunyan seemed to have put in a good word for me. He was always putting in a good word for somebody or other of us. Our priests always took good care of us out there.

I went to Fort Wright on May 18, 1934, and there celebrated my twenty-second birthday. Orders came for automatic discharge, and that meant back to camp to prepare. I procured a three-day leave and, overstaying, was nicked for three dollars—the Army's parting shot! Just as a couple of us had knelt for a blessing when we left Lewiston from Father Foley, from Father O'Connor in Sacramento, so did we from Father Bunyan when we left Elk River on June 25.

And as our train swung 'round a bend, to take us from the majestic wildness of Idaho's forests and the kindness of Idahoan's open hearts, the last persons I saw were my ministerial friend and a little seven-year-old girl with whom I had seemed to hit it off pretty well and to whom, incidentally, I taught the lovely Hail Mary.

Abyssinia's Emperor and the Catholic Missions

JOHN M. LENHART, O.M.CAP.

ABYSSINIA is a sort of confederacy whose rulers or *Rases* enjoy a great amount of independence under their Emperor. The present Emperor ruled over the Province of Harrar before he was raised to the highest dignity of Emperor. Most of the *Rases* are Christians of the heretical sect of Monophysites, but a few of them are Moslem. The antagonism between the Moslem and Monophysite *Rases* led in 1917 to a rebellion when Emperor Lij Yassu turned Moslem to aid the Central Powers and Turkey. It was then that, principally through the exertion of the young Ras Tafari of Harrar, Christianity was saved and the Moslem Emperor dethroned and imprisoned. On October 7, 1928, Ras Tafari was raised to the dignity of *Negus*, or King of Abyssinia, by the reigning Empress Zauditu (Judith), and a few years later succeeded her as Emperor of Abyssinia. Since his accession to the throne, Ras Tafari is known to newspaper readers as Emperor Haile Selassie I. It is he who now stands in serious danger of war with Italy.

The reigning Emperor was educated by the Catholic missionaries. He is the son of Ras Makonnen Tafari of Harrar. This ruler was a staunch friend of the French Capuchin missionaries who labored in Abyssinia. Ras Makonnen Tafari was the most faithful and best general of Emperor Menelek and very much liked by his people. On every day of fast, and there are many in the Abyssinian Church, the Ras would go to the public square of Harrar, there to hear the complaints of every one and to administer justice in medieval fashion. Personally the Ras was very religious and an exemplary Christian, although he never joined the Catholic Church. A great number of poor and sick natives received their daily bread from his hands. A large group of Armenian refugees were provided by him with a new home in his domain.

Ras Makonnen Tafari died on March 22, 1906, at the age of fifty-three years, leaving a son of fourteen years and eight months, the present Emperor of Abyssinia. "It is expected," wrote Bishop Jarosseau, O.M.Cap., on the day of his interment, "that Emperor Menelek will nominate the young Prince Tafari his successor and give him suitable tutors to educate him till he becomes of age."

Yet Emperor Menelek, who was a first cousin of the deceased Ras of Harrar, could not realize this expectation or his ardent wish to reunite the Abyssinian Church with Rome. In 1908 he became an imbecile, apparently through some poison administered by the Empress Taitu. Finally, in May, 1909, Menelek's grandson Lij Yassu, then a lad of thirteen, was proclaimed as Menelek's successor. On his dethronement Menelek's daughter Zauditu was proclaimed Empress and Prince Tafari regent and heir presumptive (September 27, 1916). The young regent proved his ability to rule the unwieldy empire by quelling in 1917 the rising of the dethroned Emperor.

Bishop Jarosseau wrote about the new regent on December 19, 1916:

Ras Tafari Makonnen, the future Emperor of Abyssinia, although he is no Catholic, owes his moral education to the Catholic mission. He likes us very much and trusts us fully. The people call him already the Catholic Emperor and ever and anon say: "We have dethroned a Moslem to make a Catholic our regent." Yet the Catholics of Abyssinia are entitled to a large share in the victory of Christianity over Moslemism. Without their cooperation and without their leader, Ras Tafari, Abyssinia would have become Moslem.

Bishop Jarosseau had reason to call Ras Tafari the leader of the Catholics. On his deathbed the father, Ras Makonnen Tafari, had entrusted his son to the paternal care of Bishop Jarosseau, and the Bishop had reasons to be proud of his pupil.

A native priest, Abba Samuel, whom Bishop Jarosseau ordained on December 17, 1910, acted as tutor to the young Ras and saved his life on June, 1915, when Ras Tafari suffered shipwreck on one of the lakes, losing his own life in doing so.

Ras Tafari has shown his gratitude to the Catholic missionaries these many years in spite of great opposition. He braved the excommunication of the Abyssinian Abooma, created the Catholic mission posts into private fiefs to protect them against the vexations of hostile neighbors, donated large tracts of land to the Catholic mission, con-

tributed large sums to the erection of buildings and promoted the interests of the mission in every other way. He presented a precious cross to the poor Capuchin Bishop Jarosseau, and entrusted one of the Capuchin missionaries with the compilation of the annals of Abyssinia in Amharic, the vernacular of the country.

In 1924 Ras Tafari visited Europe with a large number of the influential men of the empire. On June 21 he paid his respects to Pope Pius XI, and paid a visit to the Ethiopic College which is in charge of the Capuchin Fathers. The following day he went up to Frascati to do homage to the memory of Cardinal Massaia, the Apostle of Abyssinia and friend of his father, who passed there the declining years of his life and found there his grave.

Bishop Jarosseau, who has been guiding the Catholic flock of Abyssinia for the last thirty-four years, may trust that his pupil on the throne of Abyssinia will always be on the alert to defend the Catholic mission against the intrigues of the schismatic Abyssinian clergy and the open persecution of the Moslem rulers. He has placed the native Catholic clergy, whom he had reared these many years, under the jurisdiction of one of their own. Apparently it was due to political considerations that the flourishing missions on the border of the Italian colony of Eritrea were taken away from the French Capuchins and entrusted to an Italian missionary congregation.

How Rich Is Russia?

LAWRENCE JOSEPH BYRNE

DOES the Soviet Union possess the natural wealth to rank it with the first-rate countries of the world? Has that country been endowed with vast natural resources? In the many books that have been written about the land of the Soviets we are constantly informed that the United States may well feel uneasy in its position as the most wealthy country in the world in potential riches. The Russian people are being told by the Bolshevik leaders that their country will, in a few years, surpass the United States. Russia, according to some, looms as the industrial giant of the future. The time is not long distant when she will be self-contained. The capitalist system will be smashed to pieces when the Russian Bear begins to flood the markets of the world. Such are the pessimistic prophecies of men who ought to know better.

In a speech delivered before the National Conference of Industrial Directors held in Moscow in 1931, Joseph Stalin, the Soviet Generalissimo, said: "First of all we must have natural resources such as iron ore, coal, oil, grain, and cotton. Have we these? Yes. We have more than any other country." So spoke the Russian dictator. Is not his word enough for the "little brothers"? But Stalin has been known to make mistakes and exaggerations before, and fortunately there is other more authentic testimony that belies his rosy conclusions.

The Soviet Government, under the auspices of the State

Planning Commission, published in four volumes an exhaustive compilation of the foremost Russian economists, geologists, and technologists. It is known as the "Five Year Plan." Hundreds of scientists contributed to it. This "Five Year Plan" is not to be confused with the many interpretations and summaries of it published for popular consumption. An examination of it will disclose that Stalin's cry of "We have more than any other country," is, to put it mildly, a little far fetched.

The "Five Year Plan" states:

In the condition of the Soviet Union, the basis of the power resources of the country is fuel . . . the role of the other power resources—water and wind—is quite small. [Further] with regard to fuel resources, the condition of the Soviet Union differs substantially and unfavorably for us from that of the United States, England, and Germany.

Emphasizing the fact that coal must be the chief fuel used, it says that

the central place in the power balance of the country is held in the Donetz Basin which is the fuel base for the industrial south and a source of long-distant fuel for the European part of the Soviet Union.

Thus we learn that coal from the Donetz Basin in the Ukraine is to be the chief source of fuel for European Russia. The Donetz Basin has less than one per cent of the coal supply of the world. The United States has coal reserves amounting to nearly one-half of the world's total deposits. Figures from the United States Bureau of

Mines show that European Russia contains 12,000,000,000 metric tons of coal. The United States has 3,214,898,000,000 metric tons. At the rate of production of coal in the United States in 1926, the Donetz Basin would be exhausted in twenty years. *bunk*

Of course the Donetz Basin is not the only area in the Soviet Union which has coal deposits. Siberia contains seven-eighths of the total reserves in the entire Union. But the coal fields in Siberia are in almost inaccessible parts of the country. Many thousands of miles separate them from the existing and planned industries. The authors of the "Five Year Plan" recognized this fact. The whole Soviet Union has only three important coal areas, all widely separated. In contrast, this country has coal in more than thirty States. The Bureau of Mines' figures for 1934 show that there is more coal in the single State of Wyoming than in all of Russia, an area eighty times the size of this State. Regarding the Ural Mountains, which are commonly believed to contain enormous fuel resources, the "Five Year Plan" says that "particularly essential for the Urals is the supply of wood... in view of the relatively low provision of the Urals with mineral fuel of their own."

But has not Russia fabulous timber reserves? Yes, it has inexhaustible reserves of wood. Inexhaustible and mainly inaccessible. On this subject the "Five Year Plan" says that

among the unfavorable factors in the exploitation of timber, the extremely unequal distribution of the forests in relation to population must be kept in mind. The most populated part of the territory is the least provided with woods. The main massive timber reserves are in the almost uninhabitable areas and, as a result, lack labor and are separated from the consumers of firewood by great distances, accentuated by extremely poor and unfavorable means of communication.

The "unfavorable means of communication" is partly due to the natural phenomenon of all the Siberian rivers flowing from the south to the north.

Regarding oil the "Five Year Plan" states that "it is sufficiently known by now that oil is not an industrial fuel, but a most valuable raw material. . . . It cannot be regarded any longer as a source of the country's fuel supply." The United States has more oil resources than Russia, and they are more widely distributed.

In reviewing the unfavorable and uneven distribution of the coal, timber, and oil reserves of the Soviet Union, the "Five Year Plan" says that

the fundamental source of power, coal, is concentrated in three localities to the extent of ninety-five per cent, the Donetz Basin having 14.4 per cent, the Kuznetsk 69 per cent, and the Irkutsk Basin 11 per cent, while the distance between our two greatest coal fields, the Kuznetsk and Donetz, is 2,500 miles. In the same situation are our known reserves of oil which are concentrated to the extent of eighty-five per cent in the Caucasus. The same is true of our timber; eighty-two per cent of our forests are in Northern Asia, twelve per cent in the northern zones of the European part of the Union and only six per cent in the balance of the territory. Yet our productive industries are located to the extent of 95.6 per cent in the European area, and only 4.4 per cent in Asia.

A comparison of these natural handicaps with the remarkably favorable situation in this country will dispel

the nonsense of the slogan, "overtake the United States in five years."

What about Russia's water power? The "Five Year Plan" gloomily forecasts that "water power cannot exercise any substantial effect upon the fuel balance of the country as a whole."

Not only does the Soviet Union lack the fuel resources necessary to place her in a position to challenge the supremacy of the United States, but she is even worse off in basic metal deposits. The country is singularly poor in the four essential metals: iron, copper, gold, and silver. Prof. V. L. Tukholka, an outstanding Soviet authority on the subject, in an official volume tells us that "as regards iron-ore deposits, the Soviet Union occupies a place not to be found among the leading countries. In size of these deposits, the Soviet Union is surpassed by the United States, France, England, West Indies, and Sweden." The Magnitogorsk steel city would exhaust all the ore in the Urals at the Pennsylvania rate of production, according to the Five Year Plan's estimate of its deposits. The American Iron and Steel Institute gives figures showing that the United States has more than six times the amount of iron ore unmined in the Soviet Union.

About copper the "Five Year Plan" observes that "on a world scale our copper resources can in no manner pretend to be first class. There can no longer be talk of comparing our reserves with those on North America." The United States smelts more copper in two years than the total known reserve in Russia, according to figures of the Bureau of Mines.

Regarding non-ferrous metals in general, the Five Year Plan predicts that there are not enough to "provide the plants now under construction and those already in use for more than five to ten years." In the matter of gold resources the United States and several other countries have been better favored by nature than Russia. In silver resources she ranks among the lowest, and imports about ninety-five per cent of her needs. Only in platinum and manganese does the Soviet Union rank as a leading producer, but these are only secondary metals in modern industrial enterprise.

As for grain and cotton, about which Stalin said that "we have more than any other country," the United States occupies a leading position as a producer, far ahead of Russia.

The great potential wealth of Russia is a myth. No doubt many supporters and believers of the fallacy that the Soviet Union has more natural resources than any other country were led into the error because they mistook the bigness of Russia for greatness. Her outstanding source of energy is man power, and even in this she ranks lower than China and India. Man power without mineral power is not sufficient to raise the country from a backward agricultural nation to an industrial giant. Although there is a strong possibility that future discoveries will revise Russia's natural resource possessions upward, nevertheless its place industrially will always be with the second-class nations.

St. Peter of Fribourg

HERBERT G. KRAMER, S.M.

OFTEN have I stood in the yard of Saint-Michel College in Fribourg, Switzerland, and gazed upon the older part of the city stretching down below me to the Sarine River. It is not exactly an advantageous position for appreciating the beauty of Fribourg. But I choose it because I know that three and a half centuries ago St. Peter Canisius frequently looked out upon Fribourg from the same place.

It is especially upon two towers, of the Cathedral and of Notre Dame, that my eyes rest. When I look at the Cathedral I think of the many times that crowds gathered to hear St. Peter Canisius preach from its pulpit. The thought of him as a preacher reminds me of his activities prior to his coming to Fribourg, activities known to all students of ecclesiastical history and brought to the mind of the Catholic world every year on his feast day, April 27.

St. Peter Canisius' labors in Fribourg have this in common with his other, that they were directed toward preserving or recovering the peoples of Central Europe from Protestantism. But they differ greatly in other respects. From his activities in other countries, we know him as "the second Apostle of Germany after St. Boniface," as "the most prominent and influential Catholic reformer of the sixteenth century." We know him as the writer, the bibliography of whose books covers thirty-eight pages; as the indefatigable worker whose activities would still be extraordinary in their multiplicity could he have extended them over two or three lifetimes. In all this he stands out as a Man of Affairs. And, impressed by the Affairs, we are apt to overlook the Man.

But the period he spent in Fribourg, the last seventeen years of his life, impresses us differently, and though he labored none the less energetically as long as his forces lasted, it shows us the man rather than his works. He so endeared himself to the Fribourgeois and became so much a part of them, that his spirit has lived down through the traditions of generations and has given them a claim upon him as their Saint—"Fribourg's Saint."

Another point of difference between the period he spent in Fribourg and the rest of his life is that he remained there long enough to put his full impress upon the people and upon his foundations. In other countries, he rarely spent more than a few months in one place. We find him continually traveling—to preach and to catechize, to open colleges, to visit houses of his Society as Provincial, to take part in ecclesiastical councils and diets, to act as negotiator, administrator, and Papal messenger, to counsel Kings and Bishops. But once he arrived in Fribourg, his travels, with one exception, never led him out of the Canton.

Fribourg, at his arrival in 1580, was still Catholic. But, surrounded by Protestant Cantons as it already had been for fifty years, it was rapidly giving way to the influences of the Reformation. Ignorance and indifference

were undermining Catholic life. Morals were lax, and religious duties were sorely neglected. Lack of secondary schools forced the young to go to colleges in Protestant cities. In short, it was "a sort of miracle," as St. Peter Canisius wrote a few weeks after his arrival, that Fribourg had not long before followed the example of its Protestant neighbors.

With the willing cooperation of the city officials, the clergy, and his fellow-Jesuits, he immediately began a reform in every phase of social life. He suppressed Protestant literature, and induced the city council to open a printing shop. At the beginning of Lent, he exacted a profession of faith of all Catholics in the Canton, a practice which had been neglected for twenty-three years. He directed works of charity. He preached every day, and spent much time in the confessional. He opened a college and had the students in Protestant cities recalled. He made almost daily pilgrimages to the neighboring shrine of Notre-Dame de Bourguillon, usually accompanied by a group of college boys.

Catholic life began to revive immediately. Only half a dozen Faithful received Communion on the Christmas a few weeks after his arrival; three years later, the number reached 600. Though severe in his measures against vice and injustice, his sincerity and his example of sanctity drew all to admire and most to obey him. When there was question of his removal, a wave of protest arose from the whole populace. As one of the magistrates put the reason, "the sanctuaries of Fribourg do not as yet possess the remains of any saint."

But years and labors were weighing down their victim. In his eleventh year in Fribourg, he suffered a stroke. The whole Canton sent up prayers for its saint, and he recovered. But the work of his remaining years became more and more limited to the sphere of his room. His greatest regret was that he could no longer labor in the apostolate and that he had become "useless" to his community.

Death claimed St. Peter Canisius, but not his memory and his spirit. They continued to live, not only in the generation for which he worked, but likewise in those of succeeding centuries.

To come back to my post of observation and reflection in the yard of Saint-Michel College—the tower of the Basilica of Notre Dame brings to mind one of the Saint's activities that links him with modern times and that contains a lesson for us of the twentieth century—his sodalities. The sodality he began in that church in 1581 has continued without interruption to the present day. Several years ago its members, looking back upon their remarkable record of 350 years of uninterrupted history, celebrated the anniversary by reopening a twelfth-century chapel in the church, the oldest in Fribourg, and by holding elaborate *Fêtes mariales*. Pope Pius XI felicitated

the sodalists on the occasion and elevated the historic Church of Notre Dame to the rank of minor basilica.

This sodality survived the centuries, despite the expulsion of the Jesuits in 1847, who have never since returned. St. Peter Canisius founded another sodality, which, however, was suppressed at the departure of the Jesuits and restored only in 1881, the third centenary of its foundation. It was the sodality of Saint-Michel College, begun even before the college could be opened. A striking characteristic of this sodality is that "it professed a sort of cult of love and gratitude toward its founder." A manuscript of the good works performed by the sodalists testifies to this. A surprisingly large number were performed *pro Patre Canisio*. The sodality's influence was not limited to Fribourg, for other college sodalities of Switzerland and Germany held regular correspondence with the one in Fribourg, which they considered a model and a source of encouragement.

That the works of the apostolate were not foreign to these sodalities is brought out clearly by the following quotations from manuscripts of the period:

They [the sodalists] reproved blasphemers and induced them to kiss the earth, following the custom of the country; they relieved the poor by their alms, prayed for their enemies, visited prisoners and sick, with whom they watched sometimes the entire night.

Sociology

Mothers' Day, May 12, 1935

JOHN WILTBYE

YOU will thank me for introducing you to "A Mill Town Pastor," a biography by the Rev. Joseph P. Conroy, S.J., of the late Father Daniel Coffey, pastor at Mingo Junction, Ohio. I stole a copy some years ago from a convent, and when I steal a book (especially from a convent) you may be sure (so delicate is my conscience) that the book is worth having. If you have no ready access to a liberal convent, one in which the books are not kept under lock and key, perhaps your parish or your public library can help you.

A leaflet distributed after Mass this morning brought Father Coffey to my mind. He was very fond of children, and was never disturbed when, during his sermon, some baby lifted up its voice to compete with him for the attention of the congregation. He could always turn the racket to account. On one occasion, writes Father Conroy, the din was so great that it soon became plain that either Father Coffey or the baby would have to stop. "There are two of us preaching in this church at once," said the soggarth aroon, "and I don't know which of us is giving the better sermon. When a baby cries in church, he is telling us two things. First, that there are babies in the family, and second, that the mother has come to Mass with her baby. On the whole, I think the baby is preaching the better sermon, and I'll let him go on with it. In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Amen."

... [Also] certain ones looked for and brought us heretical books.

They remained faithful to the weekly visit of the sick, they worked at the conciliation of enemies, at the establishment of peace in families; in winter they distributed shoes and clothing to the poor, and they gathered them on Holy Thursday to a banquet of charity.

St. Peter Canisius placed much importance upon his sodalities. He considered them as an almost indispensable means toward saving the Faith in Fribourg, as an enduring instrument whereby the members could reconstruct and then sustain the Catholic life which was crumbling before the spread of Protestantism. He placed a special hope in the younger sodalists, for he realized that unless they were won over all other means would be but expedients. In this and in the widespread activities he directed toward this end, there is much that can serve as inspiration for our own modern sodalities.

In past centuries sodalities have played an effective role in revivifying Catholic life at times of crisis. Those of St. Peter Canisius are an outstanding example. With such older successes in mind, it is hardly an exaggeration to say that present-day sodalities can and should hold a foremost place in bringing about a return to Christian principles of conduct, the only real remedy for the social ills besetting the modern world.

The leaflet, from which the preaching baby has distracted our attention, was the annual announcement of Catholic Mothers' Day. Many years ago, a Jesuit missionary, Father William Stanton, began the practice in this parish of having a special sermon for mothers, followed by a blessing for them and their babies, on the Sunday afternoon preceding the closing of the mission. From the start the service was, quite literally, a howling success, for this is a parish in which, thank God, babies are popular. Succeeding missionaries were asked to fall in with the custom. Its repetition with every mission made a kind of Mothers' Day in the parish long before the advertisers broke into the game and began to advise us that they had just the thing (a featherbed it might be, or a rose, or a bottle of old bourbon) that would make mother happy on the second Sunday of May.

In fact, this advertising angle made us hold somewhat aloof for a spell, after the magazines began to play up to the commercial possibilities of Mothers' Day. The first time the pastor mentioned it from the pulpit, some of us old mossbacks feared that he had been blown out of his course by the winds of some contrary doctrine. We were like the old lady who felt that the Third Sunday and the brown scaffler ought to be enough for any Christian, without dragging in this new-fangled First Friday. Happily, we were in the minority. For the last eight or nine years, Mothers' Day has rivaled Christmas and

Easter, not in outward pomp and circumstance, but in the number of people who receive the Sacraments.

Ours is not a big city parish. We can't hope for the celebrations that they have, for instance, in Dr. Coakley's church in Pittsburgh. But it is hardly necessary, in a little town such as ours, to do much more than to announce the forthcoming celebration once or twice from the pulpit, and to enlist the interest of the children in our parish school, and in the academy. In both these institutions, the Sisters lead the children through a Novena in honor of Our Blessed Lady, and it is crowned on Mothers' Day when the children receive Holy Communion for their mothers, living or dead. You may be sure that the news of this Novena reaches every home in the parish. We haven't any black sheep; really black, that is. Still, some of them are grayish, and we do have our backsliders. Every year, Mothers' Day leads three or four of them back to the Fold.

I can easily understand how in a large parish a carefully planned celebration of Mothers' Day can draw dozens of the very blackest sheep from the desert back to green pastures and running brooks. No elaborate preparations ought to be necessary. The children and the Sisters will do most of the work of advertising and praying. The prayers and good example of children trained in a Catholic school have saved many a careless father or mother. If the church is open on Saturday afternoon and evening, with a goodly number of confessors in attendance, the sheep will come home.

The plan sounds childishly simple, and it is. Yet to some, Mothers' Day seems to verge unhealthily on the sentimental. But in these days, it seems to me, we ought to welcome any practice that will help to make Christian motherhood a sacred thing in the minds of all our people, Catholic and non-Catholic alike. God knows that on every side our young men and women are surrounded by an aggressive neo-paganism which would have made a decent pagan in the Sabine Hills blush for shame. Against no Christian institution does this renaissance of Satanism marshal fiercer attacks than upon the Christian family. We too have our childless homes, our empty cradles.

We cannot too soon concern ourselves with the problem of our dwindling birth rate. Too long have we tried to ignore it. Probably the strongest weapon in the arsenal of this neo-paganism has been forged by beastly capitalists who have established an economic and industrial world in which even sober, intelligent, and industrious men are barely able to make a living. As a direct result, this is an era of marriages deferred, and of marriages in which husband and wife dread as a calamity that which would make their existence an earthly trinity, and their home a copy of the holy home at Nazareth. That the weaker among our young people should allow themselves to be deceived by sophistry is perhaps inevitable. We cannot save all, but we can help some to save themselves.

Yet when was the lot of the Catholic other than the happy lot of one who carries the cross? Holy men tell us that the cross willingly accepted brings a peace which the world cannot give, and even joy. This truth is a fact to

be reckoned with, no less than the facts which exist, unhappily, in the economic world. It may be that in marrying and in trying to bring up a family, our young people will soon feel the *res angusta domi*, the pinch of poverty at home. Can we teach them that poverty is not synonymous with unhappiness? We can, and one way is to help them to realize that the young wife and husband have not explored to its depths the happiness which their Father in Heaven wishes them to have, until she has experienced the poignant joys of motherhood, and he has held in his arms a little one that is not only an extension of their personality, but a link between them that is immortal.

As my memory counts the young people who have honored me with their friendship, I seem to view a cross-section of a microcosm. In some homes I can sit near the hearth, and take the littlest one in my arms, while a harum-scarum lad stands near by, and their mother tells me of the eldest, now getting ready for high school. There have been dark days, of course, but things were never so bad as they threatened to be. Husband and wife have fought side by side, each learning more of the other's strength and weakness, while they grew in that mutual appreciation on which rests lasting love. And I have visited homes of poverty; a poverty that has meant, at times, or even chronically, actual want. In one of the very poorest, I have seen instances of courage and cheerfulness, heroic and touching. Wealth does not make contentment, and poverty cannot take it away. When husband and wife, forsaking all others, cleave truly to each other, and through each other seek God, they will find happiness and keep it.

Of others, I would not speak, except to God. They are the weaklings who have followed this world. It does not seem to me that they have found happiness in their childless homes. In their consciences, there can be none. To God, to the race, and to each other, they have been faithless.

Yes, Mothers' Day has "social implications." They are as high as Heaven, as deep as the sources of life. But they only to whom marriage is a Sacrament, and to whom motherhood has been sanctified in Mary, the Virgin Mother of Our Lord, can truly understand these implications.

THE DIFFERENCE

Shadows jumping on the wall
Will not trouble you at all.

Dark winds moaning in the trees,
Houses creaking . . . sounds like these

You will have no cause to hear,
Need not tremble, need not fear.

While two candle-flames apace
Shine upon your little face

I alone left standing there
Know that Death has stroked your hair.

ELEANORE PERRY ENGELS.

Education

The Survival of Classicism

WILLIAM T. MILLER, A.M.

THIS is the tercentenary year of the oldest public secondary school in the United States—the Public Latin School of Boston. Beyond all other points of interest in the three-hundred years' history of this old school is its powerful influence in the survival of classicism. Started in 1635, when the town of Boston "entreated" Philemon Pormort to "become schoolmaster for the teaching and nurturing children," and continuing in uninterrupted organization down to the present day, this Boston Latin School has been constantly and unswervingly classical in its curriculum, its purposes, and its traditions.

This survival of our oldest public Latin school is particularly noteworthy at this time, when classical studies are rapidly becoming unpopular. Time was when Latin and Greek were considered necessary foundations for a broad liberal education, and Latin at least an essential prerequisite for training in the so-called learned professions. But ancient Greek has long since become not only a "dead" language, but an almost completely buried one. As for Latin, it is fast disappearing from the required lists in college-entrance schedules. Strangely enough, every time some college kills off the Latin requirement for entrance, a large section of the "modern" educational world seems to assume that some kind of victory has been won. Just the other day the papers carried as important news the fact that a New England college had eliminated Latin as a requirement.

Of course this does not mean that Latin has been abandoned entirely; but only that its importance has been minimized. This lessening of interest in a particular subject of study would not be of much significance were it not for the fact that Latin is in many ways a key subject in that type of education which we call "classical." And it is precisely for this reason that the ripe age and great success of the Boston Latin School are of special interest: it is not only old and successful, but it is also purely classical.

There was nothing very noteworthy about the fact that the Boston Latin School was classical at the beginning of its existence. It could hardly have been anything else. For a long time all schools above the level of the very elementary reading and writing schools were classical. All college and university education was classical; and of necessity preparatory schools were the same. Indeed, the dominant purpose of the Harvard of 1636 was the classical and religious training of men for the ministry and the law. In the beginning, then, it was quite inevitable that the new school in Boston should be classical.

The particular characteristic that gave distinction to the establishment of the Boston Latin School was its "public" origin and support. It is this public character of the school at its very start that makes its three-hundredth anniversary a historic occasion. It is true that the first school was crude and unimpressive. It was not a

"high school" in the sense in which we use that term today. Indeed, the name *high school* is of much later birth. But this early Latin school was the first step taken beyond the merest elementary education in the British colonies, and may therefore be logically called our first secondary school; at least, our first "public" secondary school. For it was started by vote of the town; and while its support was at first partly private, it was from the beginning at least "quasi-public," and soon became entirely so.

But far more remarkable than the mere age of the Boston Latin School is its constant adherence to classicism. Indeed, many feel that the wonder of this tercentenary is not the survival of the school, but the survival of its classical curriculum. For the Boston Latin School has remained true to its name, and true to its original purpose. Not that it has been static. As a six-year school today, its sixth and fifth classes, corresponding roughly to the seventh and eighth grades of the ordinary school, give the children the fundamentals of English, arithmetic, history, and geography, with the beginnings of their ancient and modern foreign-language work. In the upper classes, advanced mathematics, history, and science also have their place. But the core of the curriculum is classical: Latin and Greek.

As its curriculum has remained classical, so the Latin School's purpose has been for 300 years unchanged; for it is now as always solely and distinctly a college-preparatory school. In this respect it differs very sharply from the modern general high school.

The general high school is organized on the differentiated curricula idea. It provides college, commercial, industrial, and merely general courses, for pupils of varying abilities and desires. The college courses of most general high schools are still at least partially classical in their content; but there is a general lessening of emphasis on Latin in particular in these schools. This is directly traceable, of course, to the so-called "liberalizing" of college-entrance requirements. This tendency to eliminate Latin makes more remarkable the survival of classicism in a school like the Boston Latin School.

To Catholic educators, and to all whose higher education has been gained in Catholic schools, there is an added point of interest in this survival of classicism in a great public school. For we cannot escape the fact that all college and university education was Catholic in its origin, and that the classics of Rome and Greece would scarcely exist today but for the early Catholic schools, where they were preserved. Long centuries before Massachusetts Bay saw its first white man, Catholic schools in Europe led boys over the classical road to learning and to distinction. Of course, they were not "public" schools as we understand that term today; but they were most certainly classical schools.

Here in the United States, though our Catholic schools cannot claim quite so many years of age as Boston's celebrated tercentenarian, the Catholic schools have likewise held fast to the classical ideal. Indeed, both our secondary schools and our colleges have often been criticized as

being excessively classical. As late as thirty years ago, Catholic colleges were said to be woefully deficient in the field of science. However true that charge may have been, and whatever may have been the cause of the alleged condition, it is certainly not true today. But the interesting point to observe about Catholic higher education is this. While it has kept abreast of modern developments in scientific and practical pursuits, it has never abandoned its classical ideals. It is true that changing conditions have brought the introduction of scientific curricula in which Latin does not appear. But even in such courses there is always an approach to a classical basis in the modern-foreign-language work, and in the philosophy, which form a prescribed core in even the most liberal programs.

This is not the place to discuss the value of the classics, Latin in particular, as the basis of a broad general education. With the very wide spread of collegiate opportunity and the tremendous increase in college enrollments, it is not only advisable, but necessary to offer curricula without Latin or Greek. It still remains true that for those who can profit by them, the classical studies form the very best foundation for an enduring intellectual superstructure. For that reason Catholic secondary and collegiate education adheres tenaciously to its classical traditions. To their credit be it said, many non-Catholic schools and colleges also cling to their old ideals of classicism. But their number, alas, is growing constantly less.

There is no particular reason why schools and colleges, Catholic or otherwise, need seek justification for their emphasis on classical education. Centuries of successful achievement by classically trained men and women give us *prima facie* evidence of the value of such training. The recognition of this fact is of course not an exclusively Catholic claim. Thoughtful leaders in the arts and sciences the world over know and testify to the value of classical education. But there is a growing tendency among others, not so discerning in their thought, to belittle the classics. Perhaps this tendency is only another manifestation of the craze for specialization. Possibly it is a phase of the mania for speed, which makes us impatient of the delay incident to the laying of educational foundations.

But, whatever may be the cause of the breaking down of faith in the classics, there are two heartening facts. The first is that the classics still flourish in Catholic schools, and in many others as well. The other is the sight of American educators rising en masse in tribute to a great classical school. For the Boston Latin School is not merely a monument to the Puritans' love for learning. Now, in its three-hundredth year, it is constantly growing in size and strength; the building which houses the school never seems to be large enough; and the old school goes on serenely in the even tenor of its classical ways. So we may well see in this tercentenary celebration a living proof of the survival of classicism.

If a personal word be not amiss, here it is. From Porrmort, the first teacher, down through a long line, the headmasters of the Boston Latin School form a marching army of great classical leaders. In this year of celebration, it is poetic justice that the reigning headmaster

of this great classical public school is himself a product of that other great leader in classical education, the American Catholic college. For Joseph L. Powers, A.M., headmaster of the Boston Latin School, is a distinguished alumnus of Boston College and a worthy successor of his predecessors in their mission of keeping alive the spirit of classicism in American education.

With Scrip and Staff

IN a series of articles in AMERICA, the Rev. Richard F. Grady, S.J., once called attention to the success which attended the radical or Communistic theater movement in this country. Since that time, the movement has grown, and "Left-Wing" drama, as described in Herbert Kline's magazine *New Theatre*, the national organ of the National Theater League, has steadily pushed its way forward.

The League is thus contrasted with the "little-theater" movement by Rosley Crowther, writing in the *New York Times* for April 14:

There is a profound difference in purpose—a difference which is best expressed in terms of social philosophy. Whereas the "little-theater" movement was fostered in the main by dilettantes who were chiefly interested in art for art's sake and chose their plays with little eye to social content, the present movement is promoted by working-class people with definite social aims. Although the National Theater League has no direct affiliation with the Communist party—or any party, as such—most of its members hold to Marxist principles. . . .

The League . . . has a repertory service which supplies manuscripts of plays—all types of plays—for presentation. Anything from a five-minute skit . . . to a full-length proletarian drama may be obtained. . . . Some of the titles: "Mr. Morgan's Nightmare," "Hands Off," "Hollywood Goes Red," "Comrade," "Who's Who in the Berlin Zoo."

Unrest among the employed and unemployed workers, and disgust at the narrow potentialities of the commercial theater of the day are alleged as a reason for the growth of this movement.

HOWEVER, if the hunger for this sort of fare proceeds principally from these sources just mentioned, a powerful appetizer helps to stimulate desire.

Man has an appetite, to which in our times sufficient attention is not paid: the appetite for accomplishment, the functional appetite. When this longing is reasonably gratified, and has a useful issue, it lends stability to human life. But when it is frustrated, it seeks an outlet, like all other natural appetites, in strange diversions and in unexpected ways.

In the natural course of events this appetite should receive some gratification in the process of earning one's daily bread. The misery of contemporary life is that even among those who succeed in finding employment or making some kind of a living at their work, only a comparative minority can enjoy the sense of personal accomplishment. Of our agricultural population, the majority are tenants, who can have no lasting interest in the work itself. The farm owner succeeds more by his acumen as a busi-

ness man than by his innate skill as a producer. For this reason it is only a question of time, and probably a brief time, when the tide will set cityward again from the rural districts. Millions of young folk now on the farms are looking eagerly forward to the sidewalks of Chicago and New York, to swell the numbers of those whom the dust storms are driving from the soil.

In Italy, Mussolini is urging the development of small rural industries, such as rabbit breeding, poultry keeping, silk-worm breeding and mulberry growing, to restore this sense of personal ownership and personal accomplishment. In connection with this he has encouraged the formation of dramatic societies, "with a view to popularizing the theater; the dramatic societies thus formed number 1,031 and in 1930 gave 13,771 performances." (*Rural America*, March, 1935.)

In this country, the Bankhead Agricultural Bill aims to change the dispossessed tenant and share cropper into a farm owner. Mere farm ownership alone will not confer a sense of accomplishment upon a type of people whose appetite in this respect has been so long starved that they no longer experience it. But it will be the first step in the educative process of restoring the connection between man's work and his personality. If this connection is not restored, if labor, industrial or agricultural, continues indefinitely to be a meaningless task, just so long will this appetite seek a fictitious outlet.

SUBLIME as was the personal ideal proposed by Jesus Christ to His Apostles, drastic as was His requirement that they should "leave all things" and follow Him, He did not ignore this peculiar demand of human instinct. He made the idea of the apostolate palatable, as it were, by offering it to them under the guise of that functional accomplishment in which they felt a genuine interest. They were to become "fishers of men," as they were fishermen in daily life.

So, too, at that critical moment in their career, when the tremendous radical drama of their Leader's death and Resurrection had left them still bewildered, but they were not yet launched by the Holy Spirit upon their new office, they found stability and temporary peace in returning to that type of work which, in its simple way, had appeased this ancient appetite. The Risen Christ, in the last great historic scene before the final parting of the Ascension, found the Apostles fishing, not for souls, but for fish to be broiled and eaten, upon the Lake of Genesareth. It was through this simple device that Peter kept his band together, kept them united, kept them sane. It was also significant that at the moment when this natural appetite was frustrated, through their failure the night long to catch anything, the Risen Saviour chose to appear to them again, and impress upon them the transcendent separation, even from this most innocent satisfaction, that His apostleship would require. Peter's pastorate would end in ignominy and martyrdom. But it was to lay the seed for a higher accomplishment. Man's instinct could be transformed, but it would not be wholly ignored.

THE PILGRIM.

The Facts Behind Economics

Government in Business.—The Reconstruction Finance Corporation disbursed since February, 1932, when it was established, a total of about \$3,500,000,000, of which nearly \$2,500,000,000 has been repaid. By way of defaulting on loans made by the RFC, the Government has come into controlling ownership of a number of enterprises, including 2,000 utility companies, three insurance companies, two railroads, scores of national banks, and various distilleries, machine shops, and foundries. In addition, the RFC has virtual ownership of 4,500,000 bales of cotton on which it extended loans at twelve cents per pound; the present price is eleven cents.

The increasing extent to which the Federal Government is assuming the functions of private business brings to mind various instances of Government operations in past years. There is, for example, the United States Shipping Board, which was started in 1916 and showed in the twelve-year period from 1922 to 1933 a total operating loss of \$255,000,000. Then there is the Alaska Railroad, which between 1924 and 1934 had a deficit of nearly \$9,000,000. In reclamation and irrigation the Federal Government has been active ever since 1902, with the result that today payments by water users amount to less than interest on the United States investment. Finally, the Inland Waterways Corporation, which was started in 1924, failed by \$7,000,000 to earn interest and taxes on its own investment. These are some of the conclusions reached by Dr. Persons in his study of "Government Experimentation in Business."

On the other hand, it is obvious that whatever economic recovery there is at present would not have been possible without the Government coming to the rescue of private business at the expense of many billions of dollars. The argument that the Federal Government is depriving business of many opportunities may be answered with the statement that according to Daniel C. Roper, Secretary of Commerce, there is, on a reasonably conservative basis, a deferred demand of about \$49,000,000,000 which can form an immediate basis for a long-term program in capital and durable goods. Last year, there were about 5,000,000 persons unemployed in durable-goods industries, as compared with 4,000,000 in service industries, and 1,500,000 in consumption goods industries.

Hours and Wages.—The National Industrial Conference Board maintains that the thirty-hour week would not increase the purchasing power of wages though it might increase the volume of money in circulation. Hence there would be no increase in the demand for goods and no stimulus to business revival. The shorter week would penalize those industries where labor costs are a large part of total cost, thus creating unemployment. It would affect most unfavorably the capital-goods industry where unemployment is greatest. Real wages would decrease, resulting in a demand for higher wage rates. A standard of living comparable to that between 1922 and 1929 could

not be sustained by the thirty-hour week. The final cost of manufactured products would be increased from twelve to fourteen per cent.

While the number of working hours is declining, it is still a good distance away from the thirty-hour week. The maximum work week was 57 hours in 1909; it decreased to 51 hours between 1919 and 1929, and rose again to 55 hours during the depression. Most of the industrial codes provide a maximum work week of 40 hours. It may be estimated that the average full-time week in manufacturing is now between 40 and 44 hours.

There has been undoubtedly a decline in the number of hours per week, but it has nowhere been as marked as the decline in wages. Between 1929 and 1934, average per-capita weekly earnings showed the following trend:

	1929	1934	Decrease Per Cent
Manufacturing	\$27.36	\$19.12	30
Anthracite mining.....	30.85	27.09	12
Bituminous mining.....	25.00	18.10	28
Metalliferous mining	30.12	20.82	31
Non-metallic mining.....	26.28	15.58	41
Public utilities	29.56	27.88	6
Wholesale trade.....	30.19	26.35	13
Retail trade.....	23.80	19.89	16

Obviously wages have declined much more than working hours. Should we get the thirty-hour week, wages may drop even further, but at any rate there is little connection between working hours and wages.

Earnings.—Between 1933 and 1934, wages recovered part of the losses sustained in preceding years. They rose in the manufacturing industries more than 8 per cent, in mining between 6 and 9 per cent (excepting bituminous coal mining where they gained 27 per cent), in public utilities 3 per cent, in trade between 1 and 4 per cent, and in railroads 4.5 per cent. In contrast, it may be pointed out that during 1934 net profits of 1,435 manufacturing and trading corporations rose from \$640,128,000 to \$1,051,266,000, or 64.2 per cent. Or if such less remunerative branches as Class I railroads, public utilities, transportation, communication, insurance, real estate, and finance companies are included net profit gained only 31.8 per cent, rising from \$1,314,041,000 to \$1,732,572,000. It is quite a contrast to the meager increase in wages noted above.

Cost of War.—With 125,000 students in high schools and colleges protesting against war throughout the country, with the veterans clamoring for the bonus, with the armament race in Europe going into the final stretch, it may not be amiss to remember that the cost to date of the participation of the United States in the World War is estimated at \$55,000,000,000, or more than fifteen times the ordinary cost per year of Federal government. Of the total, \$26,000,000,000 went for fighting and demobilizing, while nearly \$29,000,000,000 went for peace-time costs growing out of the War, including War debts, their interest, and payments to veterans, widows, and orphans. The cost of the last war goes on. It is estimated that in the year 2018 the United States still will pay expenses that originated in the World War. GERHARD HIRSCHFELD.

Dramatics

The Spring Stage

ELIZABETH JORDAN, D.LITT.

SPRING and Cornelia Otis Skinner usually reach New York about the same time. They are a delightful combination. This April Miss Skinner has brought to our stage the season's biggest novelty, "Mansion on the Hudson," a full-length play, written by herself, and in which she acts every role. It is an achievement amazing in its audacity and even more amazing in its success. Every leading New York critic attended the opening performance and every critic left his Spring grouch at home. Hymns of praise, sung in joyous unison, filled the air the next morning. The combined tribute was one Miss Skinner may hardly have dared to dream of, brave though her dreams have always been.

Unique qualities are called for in putting on a full-length, one-woman play, and putting it over. Miss Skinner has them all—inspiration, vision, courage, a fine literary and acting technique, together with a restraint and a balanced judgment rarely found in a player's equipment. Add to these her beauty and magnetism, and it becomes clear that there are few heights she cannot achieve.

The house on the Hudson is the home of the Howlands, a great family in its day. All the action takes place in the living room of that house. Miss Skinner shows us in turn six women. First, Julie, (Mrs. Stanley Howland) in the summer of 1880. She is young, lovely, the mother of three children, Stanley, Jr., De Witt, and Carrie. Her husband is drinking heavily, gambling away his splendid inheritance. She is in love with a worthier man, but sends him away and remains with her husband and children.

Eighteen years later, in the next scene, Julie and her husband are both dead. We see Sally, the young Southern bride of Julie's oldest son, Stanley, junior, who is fighting in the Spanish American war. That scene ends with the news of his death. In the winter of 1920 we are shown Carrie Howland, spinster daughter of Julie, middle-aged, bitter, resentful, on the eve of leaving the old Howland home. Her brother, De Witt, has finished the wreckage his father began. He has squandered the last of the family fortune, has degenerated into a sot. The great estate has gone to seed. The Kellys, an Irish family living next door, have prospered, have grown rich. The Kellys buy the Howland home and Carrie leaves it forever.

In 1927 we attend one of Mrs. Joseph Kelly's entertainments. She is giving a cocktail party. That's an amazingly picturesque and vivid bit. In 1934 the place has been bought from the Kellys by Tony, once the Howland's Italian gardener, later a prosperous bootlegger. He turns it into a dancing and gambling resort. In the fifth act of the drama we see his Italian wife, putting the house into condition for the formal opening. Last of all we are shown that opening the next night. This time

Miss Skinner is a young society woman whose grand-uncle loved Julie Howland and who remembers hearing the poor old bore talk of her. It is this woman who gives the tottering DeWitt Howland free drinks that night; it is she who watches him collapse at the bar, as his worthless life ends in his old home.

In short we are shown in this one-woman play six women of widely differing social levels and periods, each a perfect example of her type in appearance, manner and character. With each in turn we see the empty stage filled with the men and women who surround her and carry on the drama. Miss Skinner's power to people her stage with her imaginary characters, her ability to make them so vividly real that her audiences seem to see and hear them, is perhaps her greatest achievement. The effects she produces are uncanny, scalp-prickling. "Mansion on the Hudson" is a *tour de force*. With all her powers, Miss Skinner will have difficulty in topping it.

"Petticoat Fever" produced at the Ritz Theater by Richard Aldrich and Alfred de Liagre, Jr., with Dennis King as the star, is a capital entertainment. Let us admit that at once. But before Mark Reed wrote it he should have decided definitely whether he meant it to be a farce or a comedy. He did not take that precaution—which, by the way, is warmly commended to playwrights—and now his audiences share his slight confusion as to what he meant to do.

Properly written on a sustained note, "Petticoat Fever" could have been a really charming comedy. With a little more abandon and slap-stick on all sides it could have been a capital farce. As it stands, it is alternately farce and comedy; and that sort of thing is rather upsetting to a spectator's mind.

Dennis King has no doubts of its classification. He is sure it is straight farce, and from start to finish he plays it as such. That helps, for he acts the leading role with dash and engaging effervescence. Then, however, Leo G. Carroll comes along as Sir James Fenton. Immediately the farce becomes finely balanced comedy, because that is Carroll's conception of it. Carroll is, in his way, as good an actor as King, a better one, indeed, at moments. He plays every scene with a striking delicacy and reserve. Each man is too thoroughly submerged in his own role to play up or down to the other, and the stage director must have been in awe of them both. With a little yielding on each side "Petticoat Fever" could have been almost perfect comedy. As it is, it is merely pleasant entertainment around a situation that intrigues theater-goers. It appears to have settled down for a summer run and nobody but myself is disturbed by its resemblance to the traditional lost dog in the baggage car. No one knew where that dog was going, you will remember, because he "et his tag."

Young Mr. Clifford Odets is widely acclaimed as our forthcoming great playwright, the lad who will make Eugene O'Neill and Maxwell Anderson look to their laurels. In addition to his successful play "Awake and Sing" (which I recently reviewed) the Group Theater has produced at the Longacre Theater two new dramas by

him: "Till the Day I Die" and "Waiting for Lefty." Both plays are very serious. Mr. Odets could not be anything but serious if he tried, and he has no intention of trying. He is convinced that the world is tobogganing to destruction and that the sole remedy is Communism. He knows how to put his theories into good strong drama. He does not convince, but he interests his audiences.

"Till the Day I Die" gives us an eyeful of the Nazi regime in Berlin. We are shown the tortures undergone by a Communist captured by the Nazi, who try to force him into betrayal of his comrades and his cause. We are also shown, with amazing vividness, the mental tortures of certain Nazi officers, driven mad by their own sadistic violence. "Waiting for Lefty," the second offering, gives us Mr. Odets' view of the suffering of taxicab drivers and their families in these days of microscopic salaries, few passengers, and few tips. It is a convincing picture, very ably presented and beautifully acted. The play ends with a scene of horror and rebellion among the taxi men in which the audience joins with great gusto.

Michael Egan's play, "The Dominant Sex," produced at the Cort Theater by George Basher and John Tuerk, is extremely interesting and well written up till toward the end of the third act. Then the entire structure goes to pieces and the audience is buried in the ruins. It is an amazed and depressed audience, and it goes out into the night uttering annoyed ejaculations and wondering what had struck the author and producers.

The author and producers had been highly intelligent up till that point. They had shown us, absorbingly and fairly, two married couples, in each of which husband and wife struggled for supremacy. Each of the four wanted to rule. The women steadily, and at first successfully, forced their husbands into their ways of life. Our hero, Dick Shale, longed to be a farmer as his father had been before him. His wife forced him into city life, city work, suburban-home domesticity. They have a child. Angela Shale is all for safety and sanity. She wants no farm experiments. The second wife, Gwen Clayton, having moulded her husband to her notions, becomes bored and has a love affair. Her husband tolerates it for a time, but in the end he leaves her for another woman.

The Shale finish, however, is the shattering one. Dick Shale suddenly learns that his father's old farm is for sale. Without consulting his wife, without five minutes of reflection, he readjusts his entire life, gives up his big and promising job, telephones that he will buy the farm, and leaves town to do so. But first he favors the audience with the most incredibly unconvincing and badly written scene a playwright has offered New York for some time. Dick is supposed to be a strong man, standing up for his rights, and assuming authority after years of being led and henpecked. Instead, he acts like an hysterical woman. As a result every person in the audience hates him, and every spectator leaves the theater feeling dissatisfied. Yet the finish was logical, if it had been properly written. He could have put his rebellion into quiet and effective words. By going berserk, he threw away not only the final scene of the play but all the good

scenes that had preceded it. The finish was so bad that spectators were sure the rest could not have been as good as they had thought it.

I have been rather slow in getting 'round to Eddie Dowling's big and successful revue, "Thumbs Up," which is on the stage of the St. James Theater. My delay has not checked the great popularity of the offering, nor has it dimmed Mr. Dowling's engaging smile. He has a winner, and a small army of extremely clever men and women, led by his wife, Ray Dooley, is helping him to make good.

The whole production is devised and staged by John Murray Anderson, whose name appears twice on the first page of the program, in letters as large and black as the letters that spell Mr. Dowling's name. Most of the teams you have heard of in big vaudeville are in the cast, including Clark and McCullough, the Pickens Sisters, the Falla Sisters, the Delmars. Quite properly and very successfully Ray Dooley carries the greater part of the comedy. The rest is music, dancing, gorgeous stage sets and costumes, and five- or ten-minute sketches, most of them extremely clever. Indeed, I would say the skits set a new high in up-to-dateness and brisk dialogue. One of the best is "The Endorsement Family," in which a group of our social leaders are exploiting mattresses, chewing gum, cigarettes, and face powder in return for large checks. "The Scottish Wedding," and "The Ship's Concert" are equally clever. "Aired in Court" is an admirable satire on the publicity craze in courtrooms. It shows judge, witnesses, lawyers fighting for the microphone.

The whole thing is so good that I don't want to say a word about the little "blackheads" that blur its fair complexion from time to time. These are vulgar but never vicious. Let's forget them and go forth humming the gorgeous "Autumn in New York," which so effectively ends the program.

One of the season's most successful musical comedies is Vinton Freedley's "Anything Goes" at the Alvin Theater. Mr. Freedley has William Gaxton and Victor Moore to carry the show. Anyone who saw Gaxton and Moore in the big hit, "Of Thee I Sing," will know how easily they do it. Ethel Merman and Bettina Hall are also stellar attractions. There is a huge cast and there are the usual impressive backgrounds. The music of this attraction gives us some of the biggest song hits of the year, among them, "I Get a Kick Out of You," "All Through the Night," "Blow Gabriel Blow," and "The Gypsy in Me."

"Anything Goes" had its initial troubles. Its book, originally written by Guy Bolton and P. G. Wodehouse, headliners at their job, had to be revised by Howard Lindsay and Russel Crouse. Rehearsals were interrupted and last-minute changes were made in the cast. Having weathered all these little episodes "Anything Goes" has now come into its own. Spring is the revue's own season. Our intellects are wearied by the strain of following the winter's thoughtful dramas and passionate stage propaganda. We need mental relaxation, or we think we do. On with music and the dance!

A Review of Current Books

Our English Contemporaries

THE GEORGIAN SCENE. A Literary Panorama. By Frank Swinnerton. Farrar and Rinehart. \$3.50.

MR. SWINNERTON presents us with a comprehensive record of the British authors who have come to full bloom during the reign of the present King George. He entitles his work a "scene," a "panorama," and disclaims academic purpose and method but the general result closely approximates a literary history of the era. Its value will not be found so much in any aggregate of sound conclusions flowing from right canons of criticism as in the presentation of the views of a writer, who is himself a figure of the Georgian scene, about his fellows in the same milieu. A later period of literature will be interested in knowing the views of a critic who was a contemporary with the writers of these early years of the twentieth century. So far as posterity is concerned Mr. Swinnerton's book will have no other value. For many present-day readers it will provide smart reading and some slight bit of new information. For those, however, who have the ability and determination to distinguish literary wheat from literary chaff the book will not be impressive.

Mr. Swinnerton is distinctly a child of his own generation and his critical views are, therefore, of this same generation. For sheer muddle-headedness in criticism of literature and the arts, to say nothing of other fields, it is doubtful whether our era ever has been or ever will be excelled. Let us cite one or other instance of its perversity. The intelligentsia of the day (Mr. Swinnerton, by the way, scorns the word in his current volume) regard life and its purpose as the great puzzle. "What's it all about? What's it for?" But they are not without a constantly burning hope. Some day a great prophet will arise (of course, he will be a literary man) who will lead us out of the muddle by providing for us a philosophy of life. Mr. Swinnerton sees something of the sort in Shaw and Wells and hence he labels them as "teachers" in the heading of one of his important chapters. But even these high priests, great as they are to Mr. Swinnerton, apparently have not completely solved the problem. He hopes for even greater things. Aldous Huxley, perhaps, will be our savior. Mr. Swinnerton believes, for instance, that Huxley "by a process of successive loathings" will yet "reach some positive philosophy"; he believes, moreover, that Huxley "has the integrity to attain and to hold a view of life which shall be satisfying to more than himself." And, finally, he thinks that Huxley "may yet lead his generation, and the younger generation, into a state of grace out of which great things will come." The tragic (or is it comic?) point is that a true philosophy of life had been at hand these many, many years. Most of those who are still groping intellectually are doing so largely of their own desire to ignore this philosophy.

Another phenomenon of current criticism is its inability to distinguish between the moral and the immoral. It is every ready to say what is not immoral, but it seems at a complete loss to state positively what is moral. Again Mr. Swinnerton seems to instance the point. Of Noel Coward's *Design for Living* he says that "this play is not particularly bad in moral." But is it moral at all? That is the question. One also suspects the author, in company with most of his critical confreres, of setting up brilliance and cleverness of expression as one of the chief of the literary standards.

The above animadversions are not mere pot shots. The points cited are, in general, of a piece with the criticism presented throughout the 500 pages of the book. In commendation it may be said that Mr. Swinnerton's thrusts at the nonsense of the Bloomsbury School are particularly effective and diverting.

THOMAS J. LYNAM.

Victorian Giant

THE WILFRID WARDS AND THE TRANSITION. Vol. 1: The Nineteenth Century. By Maisie Ward. Sheed and Ward. \$3.75.

A REMARKABLE family has here the good fortune to be depicted in a book which is at the same time a record of a remarkable age. Its index is necessarily an English litany of the nineteenth-century great in various fields, with whom it was the lot of the Wards to be associated; and its 400 pages exhibit with an interest that rarely lags, this varied cast of characters weaving themselves in and out through the several movements that agitated English minds during the latter half of the century.

The obsolescence of the word *authoress* is promoted by this volume. Its author will not mind being told that her reader is rarely conscious that she is a woman. The fact is the more noteworthy in a work that has had frequently to touch theology, a precinct tacitly reserved (absurdly, one sees) for the masculine mind. Tennyson's only comment upon Maisie Ward, aged a few weeks, when exhibited by her parents for the bard's admiration, was, "She's exactly like Henry the Eighth." Henry was theological indeed.

The average reader with no particular axe to grind will find the book eminently readable. So will the specialist. Biographers will learn wisdom from the principles of their craft cited from Wilfrid Ward in these pages. Catholic writers of fiction, eager to share effectively in the present Catholic emergence, will find matter for thought in the pages that deal with the novelist Josephine Ward; let them turn first to the quotation (on p. 382) from a thirty-five-year-old review of her *One Poor Scruple* which embodies fundamental advice for them in their project. The same advice, read in conjunction with Alfred Noyes' article on Mrs. Ward's fiction (published in *AMERICA*, March 18, 1933) should kindle a great light for Catholic playwrights as well. Lecturers on nineteenth-century literature in our colleges and those whom they instruct will be grateful for this volume's further illumination of Ward's essay on "The Time Spirit of the Nineteenth Century," and will find in both invaluable background for the literature of the age. And they will feel a singular charm in his daughter's scattered disclosures of new and unexpected traits of well-known Victorians, notably the Tennysons.

In the midst of the powerful, and here so humanly pictured, figures of the period move the Wards. And in no supernumerary role. Wilfrid Ward was deeply concerned with the relation between the rulers of the Church and thinkers within it and outside it. He was animated by zeal for the exercise of wisdom and prudence during what he regarded as the period of transition of the Church from a three-century state of siege to the open. If, as he held, Newman was Catholicism's greatest leader in England during that period, there can be little doubt that the layman Wilfrid Ward was of high importance in the effective role of liaison officer. The loyalty and modesty of the author's first volume will assure her of readers for the second. WILLIAM H. McCABE.

"Popish Dog and Curre of Rome"

SIR WILLIAM DAVENANT. By Alfred Harbage. University of Pennsylvania Press. \$3.00. Published March 8.

WE are greatly indebted to Dr. Harbage for this life of Davenant and for his illuminating criticism of the work of the second poet laureate—one who has been neglected too long by literary historians. It is refreshing to turn to a biographer who is anxious neither to deny his subject's legitimate birth nor to excoriate his personal life. That Davenant was not the son of Shakespeare, Dr. Harbage proves quite conclusively, and that apart from certain indiscretions in early manhood, he was a high character which rose above vicissitude and scorn. In an age of most questionable morality in life and in literature, Davenant's life and his plays were almost decorous.

The London of *The Wits* is sketched in bold and vivacious outline. Although Davenant's career as courtier and dramatist is discussed with a wealth of detail, the poet himself never completely emerges from the shadows of Lisle's Tennis Court. But perhaps this is a captious criticism of a work of such discriminating research. Dr. Harbage traces the technical developments of the modern stage to Davenant. The theater was not absolutely moribund during the pure days of the Protectorate, for Davenant brought back the play under the guise of opera—introducing the very word into England. And it was in his *Siege of Rhodes*, a forerunner of the heroic drama of the Restoration, that the first English actress trod the London boards. With the return of Charles II, Davenant launched into one of the most brilliant theatrical careers in the history of the English stage. *The Platonic Lovers*, because of its satiric reflection of a seventeenth-century philosophic temper, and *The Siege of Rhodes* are the most important of his plays.

Among the non-dramatic poems, *The Lark now leaves his wat'ry nest* is a lovely lyric, and *The Souldier going to the Field* surpasses Lovelace in originality and penetration. But Davenant, declares Dr. Harbage, was "rarely able to deliver himself from the pale cast of thought." Yet in this last-mentioned poem and in certain lines of *Gondibert* that are truly great, he seems to approach the intellectual clarity of John Donne. As T. S. Eliot said of the metaphysical poet: "A thought to him was an experience; it modified his sensibility." Davenant considered *Gondibert* his masterpiece. It is a poem of epic ambition and of experimentation in the stanza. Dryden gave unqualified praise to its preface, which is one of the finest critical essays of other centuries than the seventeenth.

Both in the preface to *Gondibert* and throughout the poem there are evidences of what Dr. Harbage is reluctant to admit—the poet's conversion to Catholicism. Davenant deplores "the great change of religions" and the failure of obedience as "an easie medicine to cool the impatient and raging world into a quiet rest." We do not find the name of Sir William Davenant on the London Sessions Records list of Recusants, but we do know that as early as the civil wars he was called "Popish dog and curre of Rome," that he was Henrietta Maria's loyal and trusted servant, that he was under the protection of the Duke of York. Too, he was a governor of Maryland who never reached his colony. Therefore it appears more than a supposition that, like Richard Crashaw, this other poet of the Queen wore "The Garment seamless as the Firmament." ALICE McLARNEY.

Shorter Reviews

TIME OUT OF MIND. By Rachel Field. The Macmillan Company. \$2.50. Published April 2.

THE regional novel has now an established place in American literature. And with reason. Readers not unnaturally can assimilate so much class-conscious fiction and so much yearning by esthetic young men and women, and then they in turn yearn for the solid comforts of a story with its roots in real men and women and places. There is a perpetual nostalgia for the sharp outlines of houses and trees and barns and a deathless curiosity about the life of the old lady in the village post office which cannot be stifled by literary creeds manufactured by men who live in the stale atmosphere of books. It is this desire which has caused the demand for books by Mary Ellen Chase, Gladys Hasty Carroll, and Rachel Field.

Time Out of Mind is an old-fashioned story of Kate Fernald, the daughter of the housekeeper for the very rich shipbuilding Fortunes, whose clippers and schooners had left Little Prospect for the four corners of the earth. It is the story of a life, a family, and a house, so teeming with incident, and so rich in suggestion and feeling, so diverse in characterization that one can only compare it to the Maine coast where farm, forest, and sea combine to stun the imagination. It is a story full of long

winters, late Springs, and short brilliant summers, of lives frustrated and destroyed by an old man's pride and a young man's weakness, of beautiful ambitions and sordid realizations. Kate Fernald's shameless devotion to Nat Fortune, despite the ardent apology of the author and the idyllic nature of her sin, is the worm in the red apple. One moans at the artistic lapse which allows honest Kate to rejoice in her one infidelity, and thus renders inconsistent and unreal a character which the reader grows to love. *Time Out of Mind* then, with its almost uncanny style, its classic rusticity, and its thrilling impressionism is (one must say it) a she-gave-all-for-love story, a blotched masterpiece, a symphony played out of key.

F. X. C.

HUMOR, ITS THEORY AND TECHNIQUE. By Stephen Leacock. Dodd, Mead and Company. \$2.50. Published April 10.

IF this book represents an attempt to probe deeply into the nature of humor and laughter, it must be pronounced woefully superficial. If its aim is merely to assemble examples of humor and to provide entertaining reading it achieves its purpose. The first chapter contains a complacent assumption that the theory of evolution is a fact and an imaginary delineation of humor's birth and growth and nothing at all about its inner nature. The author inclines to the view that people living before the nineteenth century didn't know much about humor. He says: "The classical humor is poor stuff; the medieval scholars' humor is simply silly; the medieval peoples' humor is primitive." The Victorian era, in his estimation, is the greatest literary period of all time. The book exudes Victorian smugness. Irish humor is misrepresented according to the routine Victorian technique. There are sneers at the "fat and jolly monks." Chaucer was not much more than a "dirty story teller." Chaucer lived "in a dirty age of a filth and indecency not known to us now." But when we come down to Laurence Sterne and Tobias Smollet, somehow that's different. Humor had then got up on "high ground." It is unfortunate that a book, which for the most part is highly interesting, and often very humorous itself, should be marred by an uprush of stale prejudices.

J. A. T.

ON BEING HUMAN. By Gerald Vann, O.P. Sheed and Ward. \$1.00. Published March 27.

FATHER VANN has written a book informed by all the mellow humanism of Boethius, St. Thomas Aquinas, and Albertus Magnus. The modern movement of humanism is evaluated and compared with the traditional humanism of the great *philosophia perennis*. Things at first sight seemingly incompatible with humanism, such as asceticism, supernaturalism, and the Mystical Body, are shown to be necessary to a complete humanism. The whole book might be looked upon as a commentary on and a development of this thesis: *gratia perficit naturam*.

Father Vann insists on the fact that Catholicism's attitude is essentially positive even in asceticism, not negative as are all the After-Christian sects. In fact, Puritanism and its issues are negative by definition as well as historical tendency. The Catholic Church is that which affirms, correlates, completes, refuses to surrender any element in man's synthesis. In the face of the modern American humanists whose work he knows well, Father Vann is sympathetic. He almost persuades them to be Christians by completing their surmises and sensing their aspirations. There is much learning in the book, but so skilfully is the ancient thought of the Schoolmen put into crystalline English that you never realized before the wealth of meaning in the starkness of the Latin originals.

A. G. B.

HEROES AND ASSASSINS. By Stoyan Christowe. Robert M. McBride and Company. \$3.00. Published April 18.

"IT is hard," says the author, patriotic Macedonian, and friend of Michailoff, Macedonian revolutionary leader, "to think free, unhampered thoughts in the Balkans. There is always a

thought sentinel with a bared bayonet trying to stab your thought." Macedonia is the axis around which these thought spheres rotate. Mr. Christowe's argument revolves around the IMRO, the international Macedonian Revolutionary Organization, its ideas, doings, and personalities. Bitter defiance of Yugoslavia and enthusiasm for the romance of hunted *comitadjis*, such as the great Todor Alexandroff, season the grim tales of conspiracies and executions. The author blames the internal constitution of Yugoslavia as well as the machinations of foreign diplomats for the present problem. He acknowledges the degeneration of IMRO in recent years into a terrorist organization and blames it on certain policies of its leaders. The recent rapprochement between Bulgaria and Yugoslavia with the following coup d'état in the latter country the author regards as removing the last ground for restraint from the Macedonian revolutionists and as leaving the door open for them to give free rein to their destructive tendencies.

J. L. F.

Recent Fiction

FOREVER. By Mildred Cram. A pretty little fantasy, short-story length, about love and reincarnation. Colin and Julie meet in the never-never land before they are born. After years of living they are reunited. But Julie is married. When her husband takes her away, Fate clears the path via an automobile accident. Then Julie and Colin love forever and ever. Very, very sweet and whimsical. Published April 22. (Knopf. \$1.00)

THE END OF ILLUSION. By Homer W. Smith. A story of the East Indies. The setting and the plot are of a sort that Conrad might have given us. The author has a charming, easy style and writes of the East with the sure touch of one who knows it thoroughly. The story is not helped and the general effect is hurt by the moral the hero draws in the last chapter. The illusion which is ended is the hero's illusion of moral responsibility, of the existence of a personal God, and even of his own separate identity. (Harper. \$2.50.)

A SPY WAS BORN. By Marthe McKenna. Fictionalized experience of a Belgian spy during the World War, and anti-war propaganda. Atrocities, brutality, rape, murder are paraded. The author writes with simplicity, never luridly, and with restraint, yet she displays but little technical skill as a novelist. Published April 11. (McBride. \$2.00)

THE DOOR OPENS. By Muriel Hine. When the door opens into the perplexities of modern adult life, youth in contemporary England shows itself stable and resourceful. This novel will be well received by entertainment seekers. (Appleton-Century. \$2.00)

LAUGHING PRELUDE. By Isabel C. Clarke. Her usual level is not quite reached in the author's latest novel, perhaps because a King Cophetua theme is always difficult to manage. The author writes too hurriedly, and further complicates matters with a surplus of characters. But she continues to be a writer who can tell an interesting story without thinking it necessary to shock her readers. Published March 27. (Longmans, Green. \$2.50)

GIRL OF THE RIVERLAND. By Stephen Morris Johnston. Story of the Red River country of northeastern Texas. Though a daughter of the manor, the heroine is married to a farm hand, and when the right man comes along, she has good enough reason for divorce, according to her Protestant lights. A chance conversation with a Catholic priest sets her thinking. She remains faithful to her husband to her ultimate happiness. (Benziger. \$1.50)

PROFILE OF A MURDER. By Rufus King. There is little or no mystery to this story, which derives much of its entertainment value from the competence with which it is told. It is not a true detection story, but rather the profile of a murderess, with Lieutenant Valcour on the sidelines much of the time. Published March 28. (Harcourt, Brace. \$2.00)

Communications

Letters to ensure publication should not, as a rule, exceed 500 words. The editors are not responsible for opinions expressed in this department. No attention will be paid to anonymous communications.

A Reminiscence

To the Editor of AMERICA:

The article "Loreto Starace," appearing in the issue of AMERICA, February 2, was read with much interest by your humble subscriber. For some time previous to the World War I had been associated with Lawrence (Loreto) J. Starace in a business venture. As co-partner I found him very helpful in carrying on our every-day projects.

I recall his lively interest in the Italian colony of Fort Wayne. In off-business hours he labored among his countrymen urging them to faithfulness in their religious duties. His kindly advice and unflagging interest in their welfare met with a hearty response from many, though there was no church for Italians in the city up to that time. Across the street from our place of business was Library Hall, a high school conducted by the Brothers of the Holy Cross. Loreto ever showed lively interest in the coming and going of the boys, a goodly number of whom during recess called on him to help them over their difficulties in language study. A pastor having been assigned to found a parish for the Italians, Loreto at once became the moving spirit in the purchase of a building which, after necessary alterations, became the first Catholic Chapel for Italians in Fort Wayne. Being a ready, fluent speaker, he interested his brother Knights of Columbus in the work, and so put the new congregation on a firm footing, insuring its success from its very inception. With the pastor, he was particularly insistent that all should be in attendance at Holy Mass and the afternoon service each Sunday.

At the outbreak of the World War he was notified by the Italian Consul at Indianapolis to report to his commandant in the Neapolitan district. After some delay due to the settlement of our business affairs, he left for Naples in October, 1914. His noble Christian conduct as lay apostle in the face of death on the Italian front was characteristic of the fine, manly spirit I knew in the days of our companionship. May we not find a parallel in his after fate in the late Joyce Kilmer, the brilliant writer and lay apostle, who also won his crown on the battle-scarred Western Front?

U. S. A.

B. S.

"The Children Are Self-Expressing"

To the Editor of AMERICA:

To the minor percentage of mothers who are fighting modern trends in morals and education with their backs literally against the wall, the Catholic school, high school and college, has been the oasis in this vast desert of devastation. But Mother Agatha in her article "The Shelleyan Adolescent" proves my oasis a mirage, erects my cross on a more difficultly ascended Calvary. When Catholic education stoops to "attitudinizing," my rainbow's end is found in the slough of despond! Just when did the universally recognized idiosyncracies of genius become a criterion of judgment for ordinary adolescents who try to surmount the authority of the Ten Commandments, the Beatitudes, and the Precepts of the Church in regulating their own insignificant lives? Difficult children are the logical sequence of inefficient parents. Abnormal types call for pathological treatment, not literary!

I visited a progressive-school mothers' club last week. The afternoon kindergarten class was still in session. Several youngsters averaging five years of age were hammering on desks with blocks and throwing them around. "Of course," I said, "there is a reason for this?" "Yes," the teacher answered, "We are

overcoming inhibitions; the children are self-expressing." I asked, "But suppose this little girl grows to maturity and falls in love with another woman's husband, what about the inhibitions then?" "Oh," she replied easily, "she will have developed reason to protect her."

What foolishness! Only carefully placed switches of moral inhibitions located all along life's roadbed will prevent heart-on collisions and eternal wreckage. No normal individual is important enough for problematical dissection. Let each conform to general law and forget specific self. Christ lived subject to parents and teachers, but of course Christ wasn't modern! Mary said: "Be it done to me according to thy will." Psychology had not raised its complex branches then. Yet who ever had a greater excuse to go to psychology for reasons than Mary?

The writer of this letter failed miserably at a formal piano recital at the age of twenty. No one bothered about reasons in those days. Failure was failure. But on reading of Sister Agatha's pupil's tragedy with its far-fetched excuses I indulged in self-examination. "Why did I fail when ten others did not?" Reason, not psychology, answered: "You failed because you lacked the inherent talent and application that the rest displayed." Simple, isn't it? The poor pupils in free schools are not attitudinized over. They succeed or fail! Humbly begging God's forgiveness and Mother Agatha's pardon if I err, may I close in laughter at Shelleyan adolescents? May I move for the continuance of the Catholic lash of common sense under the invincible code of God's Blue Eagle of Faith?

Flushing, N. Y.

MARIE DUFF.

King, Fishes

To the Editor of AMERICA:

When AMERICA's readers see this letter, urchins in the city streets will be "pitching" (in place of pennies) buttons with "Every Man a King" printed upon them. "Every Man a King" is the new slogan for Senator Long's Share-Our-Wealth Society. Father Blakely refuted Long's scheme in AMERICA for March 30, and nothing further need be said by way of refutation.

Sometimes, though, the barb of satire (if it is not too sharp) helps to reveal the folly of men. If W. S. Gilbert were alive today, I can imagine him writing a libretto all about King Huey and his fellow-kings. As a matter of fact he anticipated it somewhat in his "Gondoliers," and I would like to recall a song from it which might well apply to Huey. It is somewhat Long (oh!) but a part may be quoted:

There lived a King
He wished all men as rich as he
(And he was rich as rich could be),
So to the top of every tree
Promoted everybody.

Ambassadors cropped up like hay,
Prime Ministers and such as they
Grew like asparagus in May,
And Dukes were three a Penny.

On every side Field Marshals gleamed,
Small beer were Lords Lieutenant deemed
With Admirals the ocean teemed
All round his wide dominions.

The end is easily foretold,
When every blessed thing you hold
Is made of silver, or of gold,
You long for simple pewter.

In short, whoever you may be,
To this conclusion you'll agree,
When everyone is somebodee,
Then no one's anybody!

It seems to me that the foxy Kingfish might modify his slogan slightly. If he were to say for instance: "I a King, Every Other Man a Fish" he would manifest his designs much more accurately.
Woodstock, Md. D. O. H.

Chronicle

Home News.—Although the Administration's social-security bill was debated in the House, no definite action had been taken on it. Identical bills were introduced on April 15 in the Senate and House for a subsidy to the American merchant marine, in accordance with the President's desire. Under these measures, the difference between foreign and American construction and operation costs would be made up by a subsidy, and new trade lines might be established with the operator compensated for his losses. There were indications that the bonus question would be settled by a compromise agreeable to the Administration. Senator Harrison planned to introduce the compromise plan, and said that whatever measure he presented would be approved by the President, if adopted by Congress. The Administration banking bill was being considered by the Senate Banking Committee, which was advised by Mr. Roosevelt on April 15 that he favored having the bill considered as drafted, and not in two sections. The latter procedure was favored by Senator Glass. On April 16, the Senate passed the Motor Bus and Truck Regulation bill, the Interior Department Appropriation bill, and discussed the Bankhead Farm Tenancy bill. On April 12, the President indicated that about \$200,000,000 of the work-relief fund would be spent for grade-crossing elimination. Senator Nye, on April 11, charged Donald R. Richberg and the National Industrial Recovery Board with delaying in withdrawing the Blue Eagle from the Colt Arms Company for its refusal to negotiate with recognized labor agencies. As a result, the Colt company continued to sell its munitions to the Federal Government. On April 13, an agreement was signed between union leaders and company officials of three principal rubber companies in Akron, Ohio, which it was hoped would avert a strike of 35,000 employees. James A. Moffett resigned as Federal Housing Administrator on April 15. Commenting on Senator Long's efforts to gain control over the spending in Louisiana of funds obtained from the Federal Government, Secretary Ickes on April 16 threatened to cancel the entire public-works program in that State. The FERA allocation of funds to States for April was \$113,661,384, or \$19,274,842 below the amount distributed for March. Funds were withheld from Georgia on the ground that it had not contributed any of its own money for relief. The Supreme Court agreed to review at this term the Schechter poultry case, which concerns the constitutionality of the NIRA. On April 14, Secretary Morgenthau announced a call for October 15 of the \$1,250,000,000 remaining Fourth Liberty Loan 4¼ per cent bonds outstanding. He expressed the belief that the "financial log jam has been broken." Increasingly severe dust storms hung over the western part of the United States, destroying millions of dollars worth of wheat crops, and forcing many families to leave their homes. It was estimated that 443,500 farm residents and 18,500,000 acres were affected by the storms.

Conditions in Mexico.—On April 11 the general strike in Puebla was settled and workers returned to their jobs. By the following day, however, nine Mexican cities were without light or power due to strikes in sympathy with power-company employes in Tampico. Some of the cities affected were Vera Cruz, San Luis Potosi, Guanajuato, and Merida. The street-car employes' strike in Mexico City continued. On April 12, President Cárdenas stated that "Communism is not my doctrine nor the inspiration of my policies." On April 13, he announced that the Government was planning cooperative organizations to exploit the nation's wealth but without injuring established industries. He said the Government would participate in production in coal and petroleum industries, which it will operate on a non-profit basis. He welcomed foreign capital to Mexico if it accorded to workmen their economic rights and complied with Mexican laws.

Close of Stresa Conference.—No startling results came from the Stresa conference between the representatives of Great Britain, France, and Italy. British comment, fairly impartial, looked upon its chief achievement as that of a manifestation of unity among the three principal Powers with regard to the threat caused by Germany's rearmament, while at the same time no threat was made to Germany, and a way was left open whereby Germany could associate herself with the other nations in the cause of peace. On April 14 the conferees issued a joint resolution, in which they stated: (1) the security of Eastern Europe should be pursued; (2) the integrity of Austria should be preserved and a meeting held in the very near future at Rome to draw up a Central European agreement; (3) the question of the Western European air pact should be further studied; (4) the German "unilateral repudiation" of Versailles in the matter of rearmament was regretted, and such action repudiated, but agreement on armaments should be reached; (5) the desires of some of the other States [Hungary, Bulgaria] to obtain revision of their military status should be examined with a view to settlement. Great Britain and Italy likewise re-affirmed their obligations under the Locarno Treaty. No very positive reactions to the Stresa resolution appeared anywhere. The Germans continued to pin their faith on Great Britain, the French to doubt the value of verbal commitments, while Germany was simply continuing to rearm. The Poles believed that the proposed Eastern mutual assistance pact was now dead.

Germany Speaker and Spoken to.—On April 13 the German Government declared in a communiqué that it was unable to give adhesion to the Eastern European security pact in its proposed form, requiring military assistance. It was ready, however, to conclude non-aggression pacts with adjacent countries. The following day France submitted a lengthy memorandum to the Council of the League of Nations calling upon the Council to pronounce upon the threat caused by German rearmament. The Germans, in reply, denied *in toto* the allegation of unilateral treaty violation, and blamed the French

and other Powers for taking the first steps in changing the post-War status. On April 16 the French proposal came up for debate before the special session of the Council and was presented by Foreign Minister Laval, being sponsored also by Great Britain and Italy. The draft censure as presented repeated the sentiments of the previous French memorandum, and asked furthermore for "economic and financial measures" which might in the future be applied to a treaty violator. Observers doubted whether this last demand would be taken too seriously by the Council, since the League had so far balked at taking such sanctions. Smaller nations, asked to sponsor the resolution, refused to do so.

Nazis Decry Resolution.—The German press denounced the resolution presented to the League of Nations by the French, British, and Italian delegations condemning German rearming. As the resolution was accepted by the League, Germany will never become a League member, it was threatened. Germany's foreign trade balance improved during March, showing an export surplus of 12,400,000 marks as compared with a deficit of 162,000,000 for January and February. Richard Roiderer, an American citizen, was acquitted by the Berlin People's Tribunal of an accusation of treason to the German state. A nationwide election of "confidential councils" in every factory, shop and other enterprise employing more than twenty persons was held. The councils will represent the employes in their relations with the owners. The result of the election was said to have been less favorable to the Nazis than had been expected. The Reichsbank announced that Dawes Loan payments would be paid only in marks held in a special account controlled by the Reichsbank in Berlin.

Spain's Anniversary.—The fourth anniversary of the proclamation of the Republic was celebrated on April 14 by a huge military parade in Madrid and by payment of a 16,000,000-peseta fund, previously raised by popular subscription, to soldiers who had participated in the defeat of the October revolution. The family of every man killed in the fighting received 10,000 pesetas; wounded soldiers received smaller sums. On the same day martial law, which had been in effect since the disturbance, was replaced by a state of alarm, a mitigated form of military control. Interest in internal politics rose to a high pitch during the week. It was freely predicted that when the Cortes met on May 6, after its month-long enforced vacation, the new minority Cabinet headed by Sr. Lerroix would fall and the Cortes itself be dissolved. This, it was foreseen, would mean general elections sometime early in July, and the Left forces, overwhelmingly defeated in the last elections, hoped to recoup their losses. The President's recent decree temporarily closing the Cortes had the automatic effect of postponing the municipal elections throughout the country scheduled for April 14. Meanwhile Sr. Gil Robles, leader of the Popular Actionists, ordered all party members holding appointments in city or town councils to resign. The purpose of this move was

to leave the members free to carry on party propaganda in the coming election.

British Budget.—In introducing his budget for the coming year, Neville Chamberlain, Chancellor of the Exchequer, struck a note of optimism about the condition of Great Britain. He took pride in the recovery which the country had made from the depression during the past two years, and declared that he had faith in the future. In his general review, he pointed out that the industrial output had increased twelve per cent, that exports had increased by £30,000,000, that credit was available, and capital works greater than in the preceding year. There was a rise in bank deposits, and a freer spending of money in the smaller luxuries. He declared, however: "I do not disguise the fact that our recovery is far from being complete, and that we require a constant effort even to maintain what we have already achieved." The budget was characterized as a "poor man's budget," inasmuch as it strives to relieve the burden of taxation on those of lower incomes. The rate of the income tax remained the same, namely, 4s 6d in the pound; but those with taxable incomes less than £135 were stricken off the list, and exemptions and reductions were made for those slightly higher on the scale. A second grant was made in restoring the salary cuts to the remaining half of the civil servants of the smaller salaried class. A surplus of £7,652,000 remained, in addition to the twelve million allocated to the sinking fund. Ordinary expenditures were estimated at £729,790,000, with the increases attributed mostly to armament; revenue would amount to £735,580,000. No provision was made in the matter of the national War debt.

Chaco Fighting.—Dispatches during the week coming from Buenos Aires reported several crushing defeats of the Bolivians by the Paraguayans. In one encounter at Charagua 600 Bolivians were reported killed and many prisoners taken. The significance of the victory was that the capture of the city promised to solve the food problem of the Paraguayan army. On April 16 the Asuncion War Ministry announced, according to a New York Times dispatch, that in the previous ten days the Paraguayans had occupied 3,100 square miles of territory in Santa Cruz and held both banks of the Parapiti River for 115 miles. Asuncion also reported the defeat of four Bolivian regiments with 3,000 dead, wounded, and prisoners. Meanwhile no special progress was made in any mediation plan. Brazil having declined the invitation of Argentina and Chile to join them, the United States, and Peru in new negotiations, it was understood that Great Britain and Italy were bringing pressure to bear upon her to reconsider her rejection of the invitation. It was suspected that Brazil's refusal to participate was due to resentment because she was not invited to join an economic union which Argentina and Chile were said to be forming.

New Bolivian Cabinet.—Seeking national unity the President, Jose Luis Tejada Sarzano, announced on April 12 a new Cabinet that it was thought would definitely

strengthen the Administration. Its personnel included the following Ministers: Tomas Manuel Elio, Liberal, Foreign; Jose Espada Aguirre, no party, Interior; Carlos Calvo, Liberal, Works and Communications; Carlos Victor Aramayo, no party, Finance; Gabriel Conzalez, Socialist, Defense; Waldo Belmonte, Socialist, Instruction; and Enrique Baldivieso, Nationalist, War. The last three were recalled from army service in the Chaco to take over their respective Ministries.

Cardinal Assails Nazi Intolerance.—Adolf Cardinal Bertram in his diocesan organ attacked Nazi intolerance toward Catholic Youth organizations. He condemned the new Nordic religion as an affront to "Our Lord and Saviour and our religion." Baldur von Schirach, Hitler Youth chief, declared in a nation-wide broadcast that he refused to recognize the right of Catholic groups to exist. Hans Schmidt, Nazi Deputy Governor of Wuerttemberg, said the continued life of Catholic and Protestant Youth groups imperiled national unity. He defended pagan racialism. According to the instructions of the Federal Department of Education every German boy and girl must leave home for a nine-month period to attend country training homes, where danger to their faith was apprehended. In Paderborn, Father Mueller was sentenced to five months' imprisonment for remarks concerning the local Hitler young women's organizations. In Rostock, Father Leffers was sentenced to one and one-half years' imprisonment. He had attacked Alfred Rosenberg's anti-Christian book, "Myth of the Twentieth Century." In Wuerttemberg police forbade Herr Rosenberg's opponents to discuss his book outside the pulpit. A meeting of Nazi party heads decided to show no quarter to the Protestant opposition to Reichsbishop Ludwig Mueller. It was thought that the State would soon assume complete control of the Protestant Church.

Italian Unemployment.—The mobilization of two new divisions of Italian armed forces was ordered by the Government on April 13. These men were to be drawn probably from the three classes already under arms and would consist mainly of infantry and artillery forces. On the same day encouraging figures on the unemployment situation were published by the Government. A marked decrease was indicated. Whereas the March, 1934, estimate showed 1,057,000 persons without work, the total for the present March ran only to 853,000. A notable decline was also noticed in the unemployment totals contrasted between February and March of the present year.

Ontario Power Cancellation.—Political and financial disturbances were further increased by the legislation passed by the Ontario Legislature canceling the contracts with the three privately owned power companies of Quebec. The dispute over the rates for power in the forty-year contracts, and of the excess power contracted for by Ontario, as negotiated by the Ontario Hydroelectric Commission, had long been matters of dispute. The legislative action was not interpreted as a final repudiation, but

as a threat to the Quebec interests that they must make compromises and revisions.

Cuba Executes Civilian.—For the first time in the history of the Cuban Republic, a civilian, Jaime Creinstein, faced a firing squad on the morning of April 11 at the Moncada Post in Santiago. A court-martial had ordered his death on the charge of having planted a bomb at the home of the customs' collector at Puerto Padre, Oriente Province. Throughout Cuba great surprise was expressed at the prompt execution. The general public viewed this act as the beginning of a series upon civilians now jailed for similar offenses. Meanwhile, on April 12, the Cabinet passed a decree restoring to a legal status all the old Cuban political parties. The Liberal, Conservative, and Popular parties will be allowed to use their old names, emblems and slogans. It was reported that this measure left the way open for the old-time politicians to resume control.

Ethiopian Dispute to Be Arbitrated.—Although Ethiopia was unable to obtain any assurance from the League Council that Italian troop movements on her frontier would end, an agreement was reached whereby arbitration machinery would be set up before the next meeting of the Council in May.

Polish Anti-German Demonstrations.—Anti-German outbreaks in the Polish Corridor led to the death of one German and injuries to rioters on both sides. In one village the entire German and Polish population clashed, it was said. In another, groups of youths paraded the streets hurling stones through windows of German homes. The aggressions against Germans were laid to members of the Sokol, young men's gymnastic and political organization which was said to have launched a campaign against all Germans in Poland. General satisfaction was expressed in Warsaw over Poland's action in favoring the League indictment of German rearmament. The attitude of Poland was still friendly to Germany, it was said. Her vote was simply to prevent further tension in a delicate situation.

With militant agrarians raising their heads again and holding policy meetings, the article by Charles Morrow Wilson, "Re-enters the Rural Mind," which will appear next week, will be a very timely contribution.

Victor Luhrs was once a liberal, and now he has gone back. He will tell in his article, "Education of a Reactionary," what made him give up his liberal creed.

A sharp change has come over the once militant birth-control propagandists in recent months, and the why and wherefore of it will be sought out by the Editor in an article "A Crisis in Birth Control."

How certain secret interests are operating in the Mexican question will be told by Joseph F. Thorning in "Mexico and the Masons."